

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY. 1871

October.

LA BRIANZA;
OR, THE VILLEGGIATURA.

"ECCOLA!"

"What, Baccicia?"

"Monticello."

"Drive me to the best hotel."

"There is but one, signor."

"Then, I suppose that is the best, drive me to that."

"Si, signor."

Baccicia, by dint of an energetic jerking of the lines, and a vigorous application of the whip, at the same time shouting *Ehi! Ehi!* finally succeeded in galvanizing a little spirit into the weary Rosinante, and shortly after drew up with a flourish before the village *Locanda*. There met us at the threshold, with her great bare arms akimbo, as fine a specimen of feminine rotundity as could very well be eliminated from forty years of conscientious consumption and assimilation of *polenta*, boiled chestnuts, olive oil, and other delectable articles of a peasant's diet. Hers was a face that somehow dawned upon you like the full moon. Not that it was beautiful, but round and rubicund, for I may as well confess that the Italian proverb, "*Bella ortessa, bella conto*, (Beautiful hostess, beautiful bill)," failed to excite in me the least apprehension. She had withal a certain familiarity of manner which, to a diffident person, was reassuring, so that I ventured to inquire for the landlord.

"*Eccomi!* (Behold me!)" and she drew herself up to her maximum longitude.

"Excuse me, signora," I interposed apologetically, as I glanced inquiringly in the direction of her husband, who was just then engaged in some culinary operation. He lifted his eyes timidly to those great brawny arms, that looked

as if they might enforce the mandates of her tongue, and said nothing.

"Accommodate yourself to a seat, I pray you," said the Amazon, after giving me to understand, by a significant gesture, that her husband was only the *luogotenente* or lieutenant of the establishment. This I accordingly did upon a wooden bench near the door, and from this stand-point began to study the situation.

On one side of the room there was a long kitchen range where the "*luogotenente*" was profoundly occupied in filling sundry orders for *polenta* and *minestrone*. Directly in front was a rude counter, upon which there was a heterogeneous collection of whatever might be serviceable in an establishment where kitchen, bar-room, baggage-room, and office were economically combined. Upon the counter, in the midst of *casseroles* of *polenta*, boiled chestnuts, and fried minnows seething in olive oil, were cabbage-heads, soup bones, chicken bones, dressed and undressed poultry, both living and dead, the raw material for prospective, as well as the *debris* of retrospective dinners. In the midst of all this there was a plain wooden desk, upon which lay the hotel register, where I modestly registered my name as a *Viaggiatore*, destination unknown. Thereupon, as a gentle reminder that dinner was now in order, I was invited into the *salle à manger*, a small room adjoining with a brick pavement and grated windows, that bore too close a resemblance to a prisoner's cell to be particularly appetizing.

In one corner of the room, seated around a table, was a party of four hunters, who were making themselves merry over the results of a day's campaigning in the shape of a large platter of *passerotti*, or small sparrows, which the Italians consider quite a delicacy. The merriment became boisterous, but not rude, for even

an Italian peasant is a native-born gentleman. There were flights of post-prandial eloquence, and sallies of bar-room wit and repartee, seasoned with the attic salt of the *trattoria*, which, if anglicized, would have bordered close upon profanity or vulgarity, but which, expressed with that native tact so peculiar to the Italians, seemed devoid of either.

This was supplemented by a game of *Mora*, that most popular of Italian games, for which all that is apparently necessary is a thumb and four fingers, and a pair of good lungs, but which, to be played successfully, requires no little skill.

"*Due! quattro! cinque! quattro!*" they shout simultaneously as they emphasize the numerals from two to ten, each throwing out energetically one or more fingers, and both attempting to anticipate the aggregate result.

"*Quattro! cinque!*" I was glad for once that I was a little hard of hearing.

I have a peculiar facility in forgetting proper names, so that, if about to introduce two friends, I not unfrequently find it necessary to postpone the formality until I can run through the alphabet to find the initial letters. But alas! in this particular instance, after running through from A to Z for the twentieth time, I could only recall the Christian name of my future host.

"Signora," addressing my landlady in the most approved formula of deferential Italian, "can your ladyship tell me where dwells the Signor Daniele-e-e?" prolonging the final vowel with a view of aiding my own memory, or stimulating her original suggestion.

There was that peculiar shrug of the shoulders, of which you have heard so much, with that supercilious raising of the eyebrows, and contemptuous elongation of the upper lip, which are its usual accompaniments.

"Signor Daniele who?"

"That I can not tell."

"Signor Daniele! Santa Maria! be it known to your lordship (a Lei) that there are more than twenty Signor Danieles in Brianza."

"But, then," I continued suggestively, "he has recently built him a beautiful villa."

"There have been a great many villas fabricated about here within the last year," *Ecco!*

The situation, though somewhat grave, vividly recalled an amusing reminiscence of my early boyhood, when one whose word was law, and whose commands admitted of no debate, exclaimed, one day in a flurry of excitement, occasioned by half a score or more of unmannerly, ill-bred porkers scampering about *ad libitum* over some choice flower-beds, "My son, run over to Mr. What's-his-name, and get his what-you may-call-it, quick."

I accordingly started, I knew not where, nor what for, but started nevertheless, casting back, however, a beseeching look at the paternal countenance, until I saw it gradually relax as the last pig's tail disappeared through a broken paling, whereupon I was forthwith relieved of my difficult mission by a characteristic, "There now, folderol, it's no matter."

The Amazon, seeing my perplexity, and possibly moved to pity, said soothingly, and with no little resignation, "Pazienza, what will signor have for dinner?"

I enumerated some of the esculents that I remembered to have seen lying about loose upon the counter, while she shouted out my order lustily to the "*luogotenente*," who echoed them back in the same nasal intonations with which they were given, to be quite sure that there was no misunderstanding.

Instead of furnishing the reader with the bill of fare, I will only add that a hungry, ill-bred dog disputed with me the right to the undivided half of a small chicken and a good many feathers. After a very decided remonstrance on my part in the way of sundry kicks, he left me in undisputed possession of the field, though I may add by way of extenuation for such apparently harsh treatment, that, as I was utterly ignorant of his Lombard dialect, this was the only intelligible manner in which I could appeal to his canine comprehension. Afterward, when he returned with a subdued aspect, and seemed disposed to respect my rights in the premises, I endeavored to make the *amende honorable* by throwing him the head and feet which remained among the fragments of the chicken, confident that if he were a sensible Italian dog he could not take the slightest offense, since the Italians consider cocks' combs as scarcely less a luxury than peacocks' brains or canary birds' tongues.

In truth, Angela, our cook—who, you will please understand, is an angel only in name—being a sort of epicure in her way, takes advantage of the simplicity of us *forestieri*, and reserves all such delicate tidbits for her own especial benefit, as all good cooks, I believe, are in duty bound to do. Not that Angela is wanting in Christian graces or lady-like accomplishments according to her acceptance of the phrase. She goes regularly to mass, has a professional hair-dresser, swears reverentially, tells the truth like an almanac, never forgets to allow herself a liberal commission upon her marketing, and, if she were not parenthetically good-natured when surprised into momentary unconsciousness of her liver, would otherwise be considered a model virago.

After dinner we sought an elevated point

from whence to obtain a bird's-eye view of the surrounding country. This we found in front of the village church, toward which our heart warmed sensibly, when we read upon a rusty tablet, as the date of its construction, the magical numerals 1776. I think that thoughts of Bunker Hill and Yorktown must have entered as an important element into the magnificent prospect that lay spread out before us, it was so surpassingly beautiful and sublime. As the eye swept the horizon the whole range of the snow-clad Alps, from the Simplon to the Mt. Cenis, pass in stately review. Then following the blue range of the Apennines, it loses itself in the purple distance where rolls the Adriatic, and Venice the Beautiful floats shadowy, the unsubstantial fabric of some romantic dream. Then glancing northward and westward, you take in successively the Tyrolean Alps, the Resagone or Great Saw, and the bold and picturesque hills beyond the Piano d' Erba and the Wallasina, which, extending backward in successive ranges, present a continual series of vine-clad terraces. In the valley below there is a quartette of beautiful lakes whose music—if that be necessary—at this quiet twilight hour, is of the ethereal, fanciful, Pythagorean type. Just beyond, though not in view, is Lake Como. Within this field of vision lies the whole of Piedmont and the valley of the Po. The Alps, rising abruptly from the plain, present if possible a bolder aspect than in Switzerland, where Alps are piled on Alps, while the plain of Lombardy, stretching away into the dim distance until the blue expanse becomes a purple sea, reminds you of one of our own grand prairies that, with its stellar glories and illimitable azure, appears another firmament. And this is the garden of Italy, of a country whose mountains are marble, whose hill-sides are vineyards, whose valleys are gardens, whose swamps are rice-fields—a land flowing with oil and wine—rich in silks, and cereals, and mineral resources, and teeming with a population that, more than once in the world's history, have been its merchants, manufacturers, and mariners, if not its masters.

Shortening the axis of vision to the radius of the little village, we have a striking illustration of the principle in architecture, that ornament should contribute to utility. On a chimney top near by there is a marble slab, which is supported at one corner by a spiral column, at another by a small marble bust, that is certainly stained and smoky enough to figure in some ambitious art gallery as an antique, while the other two are supported by prosaic brick which, to say the least, do not breathe the spirit of antique art.

We returned to the *locanda* and spent the night. Though a highly imaginative poet might gather the materials for an epic from the experiences of that ill-starred night, when I think there must have been some fatal conjunction of Saturn and Jupiter, we have not the remotest idea of rehearsing the *Æneid* of our woes. We hardly have the courage to indicate some of the innocent causes of all this, for fear that they may appear trivial to others, as they now do to us.

A small crucifix, with a death's head underneath, hung directly over the head-board of our bed, which, to a person of a nervous temperament and of Protestant proclivities, was by no means calculated to inspire pleasant dreams. Then there were sundry rats that held high carnival in the wooden loft just overhead. At first we were disposed to be belligerent, throwing first one boot and then the other forcibly against the wooden ceiling. There was a momentary silence, and then it was confusion worse confounded. We subsequently tried to cultivate amicable relations with our obstreperous neighbors by a cessation of hostilities, but might as well have attempted to establish a *modus vivendi* between a rat and a cat. Shortly afterward the rats were re-enforced by the mosquitoes.

There is a refinement of cruelty about the deliberate attack of a mosquito not to be found in Dante's fiery snow-storm. This only obeys the laws of gravitation and caloric. But a mosquito, instead of going straight to its work and drawing your blood with the scientific phlebotomy of a Dr. Sangrado, reconnoiters, maneuvers, gives you fair warning, then keeps you in terrible suspense. You hear it winding its little horn in the distance—it waxes louder, then fainter, until it gives you a full blast right in the ear. It makes a swoop and you think it has taken position, but no, it has only ricocheted. Again it returns, and now settles just upon the end of your nose. You softly raise your hand, but it is on the alert, and when you are ready to strike it has flown. It soon returns again to the attack; you raise your hand in advance, hold it over your face until it fairly aches, then bring it down at a venture, but it has suddenly changed its base. When this has continued for hours, you grow desperate. You slap your face, you box your ears, you bury your head beneath the bedclothes until you are compelled to uncover it again from fear of suffocation. At length you begin to doze from very weariness, and then your wily foe sucks your blood, while it infuses into your veins a subtle poison, that wakes you from your troubled

slumber, maddened with pain and thirsting for revenge.

Meanwhile we were meditating sundry reprisals upon the Amazon, who, we began to conjecture, was unwilling to tell us all she knew relative to the whereabouts of our friend. Perhaps if there were no intelligence office in the village, there might be a barber-shop; at any rate I resolved upon making application at the post-office, ostensibly for the purpose of inquiring for letters, but really with a very different object in view. The post-mistress, a dark-eyed, intelligent little woman, who, unlike our landlady, could have no sinister motives for concealment, or aided perhaps by a keener womanly instinct, at length brought our search for a friend under difficulties to a successful termination.

"Hic stetimus tandem!"

For fear of violating the rights of hospitality, we will only say of the Villa Cressini that, unlike an Italian villa "To Let," it was furnished with all the comforts and conveniences of a first-class English or American home, and I shall always be the happier for the many pleasant hours spent under its kind and hospitable roof. Ugo Foscolo used to say that it was impossible to study in the neighborhood of Como, for the beauty of the landscape always tempting you to the window, quite prevented you from giving proper attention to your book. I am quite sure of one thing, that a student should say farewell to his books before visiting the Brianza, and no one should attempt to describe it, unless he can put a check-rein upon his imagination.

It was a constant delight, from our chamber window, which commanded the whole Alpine range, to watch the ever-changing beauties of mountain, sky, and plain. Then, too, it was something of a feat worth speaking about, to rise with the sun in Italy. But this we did, and saw Monte Rosa catch the first morning ray, and then grow radiant with a dazzling whiteness, as peak after peak was successively transfigured by the descent of the golden baptism. But I think I enjoyed the sunset better, when the whole range of the snow-clad Alps grew roseate, as if suffused with blushes in the warm embraces of the ardent sun-god, and then changed color like a dying dolphin; when the birds were at vespers, and the *Ave Maria* came floating so pensively and yet so tenderly upon the calm evening air, as Nature whispered her maternal "good-night."

One could scarcely realize in contemplating a scene so quiet and peaceful, that the history of this beautiful Lombardy had been written on

battle-fields in blood, did not the too faithful memory recall the petty feuds and stormy conflicts of the past—Roman and Gaul, Ostrogoth and Roman, Lombard and Ostrogoth, Frank and Lombard, Guelph and Ghibeline; Antinomian orthodoxy crossing swords with Arian heresy, the legions of fifth Ambrose flaming with an unholy zeal to

"Prove their doctrine orthodox,
By apostolic blows and knocks;"

petty Italian republics uniting, in the presence of a common danger, to fight a common foe, and then wasting their energies in fighting each other, until war and revolution became hopelessly chronic.

Near by is the Villa of Mombello, where the young Napoleon held his republican court in more than regal splendor, and then you think of Montenotte, where he won his patent of nobility, and then of Montebello, Marengo, and the terrible passage of the bridge of Lodi, whose Duomo is distinctly visible in the clear morning light. Here and there the eye rests upon the fading outlines of a ruined castle with its moldering battlements, and then you think of the "good old times" when might made right, and the least a man could carry and be safe was a *coltellone*, or great bowie-knife; when personal controversies were not only settled with a buttonless rapier, but even a sovereign prince could replenish his exchequer by receiving twenty-five Venetian lire for every duel fought in the amphitheater at Verona; when such instruments of torture as the *manchini* were supposed to have some special efficacy in eliciting truth; when churches and monasteries became asylums for robbers and assassins; when the clergy were not amenable to the civil law, and the *cordon* of San Francesco was more potent than the civil sword, and when Giovanni Maria Visconti fed his bloodhounds with human victims, or Gilles de Retz divided his time between watching the agonies of tortured children and the singing of litanies before a crucifix. When you think of all this, you mentally thank God that the "good old times" are gone, never again to return.

One distinctive charm of the Brianza is the varied beauty of its scenery. It is Switzerland and Italy united in eternal wedlock. It is May coquetting with December—orange blossoms dallying on the verge of eternal snow. You have the boldness and sublimity of the Alps without their severity, the golden sunshine of the South without its sultriness. In the compass of a morning drive you travel through many lands. We remember such a drive.

"Now," said our host, "we are in Switzer-

land," and so we were. "Now we are in an American forest!" and it only needed the moss-covered trunks of several generations of fallen timber lying in primitive confusion to make the deception complete.

"And now we are in Italy!" and sure enough there was the entrance to Arcadia.

We were just returning from a picnic excursion to Le Conche di Paderno upon the rapids of the Adda—a spot that, for wild and picturesque beauty, reminded me more of the rapids of Niagara than any thing I have seen in Italy. In a philosophical point of view, a picnic is an approximation to a state of nature—a sort of informal protest against our modern civilization—a riot of the animal spirits in defiance of the fashionable proprieties—an insurrection of the nobler instincts against the respectable hypocrisies. There is a temporary triumph of fingers over forks, of greensward and moss-covered rocks over *tête-à-têtes* and arm-chairs, where the voices of nature, as vocalized by bird, and brook, and water-fall, and blended with the merry shout and ringing laughter of woodland nymphs with floral coronets, supersede the operative thrumming, elaborate millinery and fashionable nonentities of the drawing-room. An Italian picnic does not differ materially from any other that I know of, only you call bread *pane*, and cheese *formaggio*. There were the usual commonplace conjectures about the weather, an average amount of consumption of sandwiches, together with a fair display of gallantry and coquetry on the part of enamored swains and uncaged birds of paradise. And the children—blessed be the pattering of those little feet! There was one little nymph of fairy form and long flowing ringlets, light-footed as Camilla and graceful as a fawn, that pleased me exceedingly. If she had had her Uncle Tom, she might have sat for the portrait of the gentle Eva.

An important part of our host's programme was an excursion to Lecco and Como. Our driver, who, with his brilliant uniform of blue and scarlet, might have been mistaken for a dashing dragoon, was ready with horses and carriage at the appointed hour, and what is stranger still, so were the ladies. The sky looked threatening and, for a time, the weather was the staple of conversation. The day was a coquetish one, now tantalizing you with fair promises of sunshine, then frowning with clouds or sulky with mists. Our road lay through one of the most beautiful districts of the Brianza. We drive on over stone bridges, through groves of oak and chestnut, walnut and elm, past winnow and hay-cock—in sight of old monasteries

perched high up on the mountain side, and may be as near heaven as some of their inmates will ever get; in view of ruined castles that make you think of the Innominato, or Don Rodrigo, with their retinue of such precious villains as Nibbio and Griso—past beautiful villas in the midst of gems of landscape gardening—past houses of brick with roofs of tile, illustrated with sun-dials and decorated with the first-fruits of the harvest—past strong, well-built peasants binding up corn-stalks into bundles for fuel, or carrying great, profoundly deep baskets strapped to their backs, and filled with the products of the barn-yard, corn-field, or vineyard—past peasant women, active and robust, but not particularly handsome, with enormous silver combs radiating like a fan or turkey-cock's tail, while their top-heavy heads were apparently kept in equilibrium by a silver rod terminating in large silver balls, like the balancing-pole of a rope-dancer.

Meanwhile Monte Brianza stands sentinel at the mountain gorge formed by the impetuous Adda, while the Resagone gives the countersign. As we neared Lecco I thought of Padre Cristoforo, with his pallid face and beard of silver, and was glad that the race of devout, self-sacrificing priests, of which he is such a noble type, is not yet extinct in Italy. I think, too, I must have thought of Don Abondio, the Sancho Panza of curates, whose precious epidermis was of more value to him than unheralded deeds of the noblest charity. Nor could I quite repress an inquisitive glance into every open door and window in the vain hope of seeing some fair Lucia spinning at her *aspo*.

A dinner at the Golden Lion, at which the delicate *agone*, fresh from the lake, occupied the post of honor, was soon dispatched, and we strolled out into the public square. It was market-day. You know it is in the very nature of a market scene to be picturesque, and it certainly loses nothing in this respect by being in Italy. From this din and uproar we wandered into the silence and solitude of the cemetery. It was, as usual, a rectangular inclosure with high stone-walls, and a shrine or small chapel facing the main entrance. Rigid black crosses arranged rigidly in rows and flanked by mortuary lanterns, were surmounted by sheet-iron cherubs holding sheet-iron scrolls, bearing inscriptions, which, so far as I could judge, were fully up to the ordinary standard of epitaphian doggerel.

Neither pen nor pencil can adequately portray the beauties of Lake Como, so we leave it to others to "describe the indescribable." We saw it on one of those capricious days when the scenery exhibited itself in all its various

moods. As our little steamer "Union" sped along from one headland to another, the mountains advanced and retreated as in a formal quadrille, opening up new vistas and creating new surprises. At times the clear, placid lake, unruffled by a single ripple, seemed an inverted heaven, and then, as the great rain-drops came dancing down, its face became agitated and troubled as if the artillery above had suddenly opened its batteries with grape-shot and canister. Heavy, dark clouds hung threateningly overhead, or rested gloomily upon the huge flanks of the mountains, then lifting in broken masses and turning their faces full upon the declining sun, grow radiantly white and fleecy, as, coquetting for a moment with the grim mountain peaks,

"They lightly rise
And scale the skies."

Lake Como is essentially cosmopolitan. Here all Europe brings its architecture and enjoys its *villeggiatura*. Italian villas and Swiss cottages appear equally native to the scenery, while the Gothic and Lombard, Norman and Cinque-cento fraternize familiarly as if unconscious of their unfriendly origin.

Here amid groves of the citron and cypress, and gardens where bloom the acacia and magnolia, amid hedges of myrtle, and parterres rich in all the colors of the rainbow, prince and poet, empress and opera dancer, prima donna and philosopher, annually seek to propitiate the baleful dogstar, and enjoy a short season of relaxation or repose, while the poor peasant, from his simple *chalet* perched high up the mountain side, like the nest of a bird in the cleft of a rock, looks down upon all this costly beauty and expensive pleasure and appropriates it as he does the goodly air and sunshine.

Beautiful for situation is Bellaggio! So we thought as we steamed around its precipitous cliffs and drifted into the full tide of travel. But, in truth, as we sped on past villa and village, mountain torrent and water-fall, headland and cove, terrace and garden, statue and column, over the clear, smooth surface of the lake, on either side a grand, colossal picture-gallery—the masterpieces of the Divine architect in *chiaro-oscuro*—one felt tempted to write at the foot of every page, as did Voltaire of his favorite Racine, "Beautiful, pathetic, sublime." For all this Autumnal beauty and short-lived gayety has its pathetic side as well; for has not the poet sung,

"How sad a sight is human happiness?"

And Como in Winter becomes a deserted banquet-hall, than which nothing can be sadder.

ANCIENT NINEVEH.

IN the dim twilight of the world's early history cities, tribes, and nations appear, and then fade away more like the creations of fancy or romance than as earnest realities. Brief paragraphs, incidental references, the hurried dash of the pen of the historian, seem to have been all that was required to give the annals of empires or the record of ages. Yet brief as these paragraphs may be, they are not without interest. Shadowy as the wonderful events of ancient days may seem, they are full of instruction for the present and the future. What little is preserved of them from oblivion, though it may appear but as dust floating in the beams of the world's brighter light, is designed by Providence to teach men wisdom, to lead coming generations to love and fear God. Such is the character and such is the purpose of the pages we have of the history of ancient Nineveh, for many centuries the capital of the Assyrian Empire.

Its earliest mention is by the sacred historian, and then only incidentally in connection with the primitive dispersion of the human race. Nimrod, ambitious of extent of power, and apparently foiled in his attempts at rebellion in the land of Shinar, went northward into the land of Asshur and built four cities, of which Nineveh became the most renowned. Few cities of olden times acquired greater prominence. Before Athens or Rome was founded it had attained great size, wielded almost unlimited power, and achieved enviable renown for its accumulations of wealth and its works of art. It prosperously and with increasing splendor withstood the breaking waves of nearly twenty centuries, and then fell into hopeless ruin.

The name is thought to mean "Nin's abode," or "the dwelling-place of Nin." Some derive it from its founder Ninus, commonly denominated Nimrod. Others conjecture that it was given to the city in honor of "Nin," the chief deity in Assyrian mythology. The probability is that it was named after its founder, and that he, perhaps, while living, or after his death, was deified and became the chief object of the idolatrous hero worship of the ancient Assyrian people. Many of his successors in the empire seem to have borne the common title, to have made Nineveh their royal dwelling-place, and received the religious as well as civil and military service of the people.

A full description of the city is an impossibility at the present day. Scraps of sacred and profane history, and monumental remains, however, give some idea of its magnitude and splen-

dor. In the book of Jonah it is represented as a "great city," an "exceeding great city of three days' journey," and a "great city wherein are more than three-score thousand persons that can not discern between their right-hand and their left-hand; and also much cattle." If this passage be understood as a declaration of the moral and religious ignorance of the people in general—and the object seems to have been to impress the mind of the prophet with the fact that the true God was not known, and gross wickedness universally prevailed among the people of Nineveh—the population then numbered more than sixty thousand adult souls. At other periods in its history the inference is quite reasonable, from the massive ruins which mark its site, that its population far exceeded even this number. Other Hebrew prophets speak of Nineveh as a place of "graven images;" a city of "mighty men;" a city of "streets in which chariots shall rage—chariots with flaming torches" that shall "run like the lightnings;" a city having "gates of the rivers, palaces, and strongholds;" a city that had multiplied its "merchants above the stars of heaven." There is also mention made of the "lintels," "windows," "thresholds," and "cedar work of the proud city that said I am and there is none besides me." The Greek and Roman writers were familiar with traditions of the great size and unrivaled magnificence of Nineveh. Diodorus Siculus asserts that the city formed a quadrangle of 150 stadia by 90, or altogether 480 stadia—no less than sixty miles in circumference; that it was surrounded by walls 100 feet high, broad enough for three chariots to drive abreast upon them, and was defended by 1,500 towers, each 200 feet in height. According to Strabo it was larger than Babylon, which was 385 stadia in circumference. These traditions may have greatly exaggerated its dimensions, yet their prevalence at the time of those writers indicates something of its magnitude and splendor. They strikingly correspond with the circumference given of the city in the book of Jonah, the "three days' journey" of the prophet having reference to the Jewish day's journey of twenty miles. Of none of the edifices of the Assyrian capital do these old writers speak except the "tomb of Ninus," or the "Sepulcher of Sardanapalus," which is said to have stood at "the entrance of Nineveh."

By modern research and excavations interesting and wonderful remains have been found to exist upon the supposed site of this ancient city—sculptured tablets and works of art that have been deeply buried for centuries beneath piles of earth and heaps of rubbish. Over them

succeeding generations have erected small villages and mud-built forts; often planted their corn and barley, and reaped returning harvests, or allowed them to be overspread in wild luxuriance with grass and flowers, bred by the rains of returning Winters. These ruins consist of numerous mounds, situated on the east bank of the River Tigris, differing in size, and shape, and height. The principal groups are, 1, those opposite the modern city of Mosul, bearing the names of *Konyunjik* and *Nebi Yunus*; 2, those near the junction of the Zab River with the Tigris, called *Nimrud* and *Athur*; 3, those ten miles east of the Tigris, and nearly north-east of Mosul, called *Khorsabad*; 4, those five miles north of *Konyunjik* called *Shereef Khan*; and, 5, other mounds of greater or less importance at other points. The names given are comparatively modern, not dating back of the Mohammedan conquest. The ruins opposite Mosul consist of a "continuous line of mounds resembling a vast embankment of earth," where exist the remains of a wall, the western part of which embraces the two great mounds of *Konyunjik* and *Nebi Yunus*. The wall appears to have been originally faced with stone masonry 40 and 50 feet in height, and incloses an irregular quadrangle, whose four sides taken together measure a little over seven English miles. The Tigris, though now nearly a mile distant, formerly ran beneath the western wall. The north and south sides were guarded by deep and broad moats. The *Khosa*, a narrow but deep and sluggish stream, and two wide moats protected the eastern side, while an outer rampart of earth, in some places eighty feet high, completed a system of fortifications well designed to resist any hostile attack. The mound of *Konyunjik*, in the northern part of this inclosure, is irregular in form, 1,300 yards in length, and 500 yards in its greatest width, and attains in some places a height of 96 feet. *Nebi Yunus*, or the "tomb of Jonah," is of a corresponding height, and embraces an area of about forty acres. The ruins at *Nimrud* consist of a similar group of mounds, surrounded by an inferior system of defenses. The lines of walls embrace an irregular square, and contain about one thousand acres. The principal mound in this cluster stands on the south-west side of the inclosure, extends 700 yards in length, and is 400 yards in breadth; covers about sixty acres of ground, and rises cone-like to the height of about 140 feet. The ruins bearing the name of *Khorsabad* form a square about 2,000 yards each way, the principal mound being divided into two parts, one of which rises over thirty feet high. *Shereef Khan* consists

of a small cluster of mounds of no great size; and *Selamiyah* is an irregular inclosure on the bank of the Tigris, about 5,000 yards in circuit, and contains an area of 410 acres, but the earthen rampart which marks the place of the wall has in many places disappeared.

These ruins, containing treasures of ancient sculpture and art, lay undisturbed until the present century. Partial explorations have brought to view relics and records which throw much light on the dark pages of Assyrian history. In 1820 Mr. Rich, the political agent of the East India Company, was the first traveler who carefully examined any of them. His excavations were confined chiefly to *Konyunjik*, and resulted in obtaining "a few relics, such as inscribed pottery, bricks, cylinders, and gems." In 1843 M. Botta, French Consul at Mosul, made explorations at *Khorsabad*, and "discovered a row of upright alabaster slabs, forming the paneling or skirting of the lower parts of the walls of a chamber." This chamber was found to belong to an edifice of considerable size, in the ruins of which he discovered "the lower parts of a number of halls, rooms, and passages, for the most part wainscoted with slabs of coarse, gray alabaster, sculptured with figures in relief, the principal entrances being formed by colossal, human-headed winged bulls." Place and Fresnel afterward extended the excavations there, and made other and interesting discoveries. Mr. Layard, however, from 1845 to 1850, made the most patient and thorough explorations, and the result of his labors is both wonderful and useful. *Nimrud* and *Konyunjik* formed the principal field of his excavations. At the former place he discovered the remains of several distinct edifices, some evidently much more ancient than others. The basement of one of these was "a square of 165 feet, and consisted to the height of 20 feet of a solid mass of sun-dried bricks, faced on the four sides by blocks of stone carefully squared, beveled, and adjusted."

A full description of all the interesting objects brought to light by these excavations would far exceed our limits. Among his discoveries were slabs of stone, on which were various inscriptions and bass-reliefs, representing battle scenes, hunting scenes, and figures of people in different costumes; figures of lions, winged and human headed; a figure with the head of an eagle, the body and arms of a man, and the tail of a fish or a dragon; sphinxes; remains of arms, such as spears, arrowheads, swords, daggers, shields, and helmets; vases of glass, and urns of white alabaster; ivory ornaments and ornaments in copper; a sarcophagus of stone containing a

human skull entire; figures and forms in terracotta and pottery; parts of a throne; seals of agate and precious metals; a few detached statues; charcoal and charred wood; and, more important than all these, an almost perfect obelisk with four sides, flat at the top, sculptured on each side, containing between the bass-reliefs two hundred and ten lines of cuneiform inscription. From the "object-writing" thereon, of a king followed by attendants, a prisoner at his feet, eunuchs leading elephants, two humped camels, a wild bull, a lion, and various kinds of monkeys, the conjecture is not unreasonable that the monument was erected to commemorate the conquest of some country to the east of Assyria, perhaps on the confines of the Indian Peninsula, the native place of many of the animals represented in the sculpture.

In his excavations at the *Konyunjik* mound he found the remains of a palace still more marked and magnificent than any he had hitherto discovered. It seemed to have originally occupied nearly one hundred acres, to have contained more than sixty courts, many halls, some of which were 150 feet square; various rooms and passages, one 200 feet in length. The entrances were "flanked by groups of winged human-headed lions and bulls of colossal proportions, some nearly twenty feet in height." It is reasonably conjectured that this grand palace was the work of Sennacherib, the proud King of Assyria, 700 years B. C. At *Nebi Yunus* and *Shereef Khan* similar discoveries were made, though inferior in number and character of inscriptions and sculpture.

It is impossible at this day to determine in detail the plan of constructing the ancient Assyrian edifices, yet some idea is obtained from the existing remains of their magnitude and richness of decorations. The most important structures, those perhaps designed for the twofold purpose of temple and palace, seem to have been built upon artificial mounds, thirty to fifty feet above the level of the country around, and constructed with halls, chambers, and galleries, opening for the most part into large uncovered courts. It is evident, from the amount of rubbish and depth of soil above the alabaster slabs found, that these edifices had several stories, built of wood and sun-dried bricks, which, in the general decay, buried the lower chambers with their ruins, and thus preserved their sculptured monuments until the present day. As yet no windows have been discovered, and the manner of obtaining light for the internal apartments, as well as the character of the external architecture, can only be a matter of conjecture.

Sculptured stone slabs were evidently in abundance, and inscriptions were very profuse, and doubtless paintings were not wanting. Thus constructed and richly adorned, the edifices of Nineveh evidently displayed a magnificence truly impressive, a barbaric beauty not excelled by the buildings of any ancient nation. After the lapse of so many ages these remains of ancient art and civilization are brought forth from their hoary sepulchers, and the inscriptions, though not yet fully interpreted, throw a flood of light on the history of Nineveh, "that great city," and afford corroborative evidence of the correctness of the statements of the sacred writers when speaking of the Assyrian kings and kingdom.

Much diversity of opinion prevails as to the precise spot on which Nineveh stood. Nor can there be much cause for wonder at this when it is remembered that its complete overthrow occurred more than two thousand years ago. Tradition and history, however, have almost without exception pointed to the eastern bank of the Tigris, near its confluence with the Zab River. Herodotus speaks of it as having stood on the Tigris River. Strabo, Ptolemy, and Pliny concur in locating it on the eastern bank of that river. The mounds now supposed to occupy its site bore its name in the Middle Ages. Ruins, such as might be expected, are found on the east side of the Tigris opposite Mosul, and extending down that river nearly to the mouth of the upper Zab. All these testimonies point to one location. The chief difficulty, however, has been to determine which one of these clusters of mounds occupies the site of the ancient city, or whether they were not all included within its limits. By some authors each of the groups of mounds mentioned above has been thought to represent a distinct city, and one after another selected as the site of Nineveh. Its name has been limited to *Konyunjik*, and *Nebi Yunus*, the ruins opposite Mosul. Rawlinson was even disposed to exclude from its site *Nebi Yunus*. A fatal objection, however, exists against this conclusion. These two mounds taken together occupy too small a space—scarcely seven miles in circumference—for a city which, according to Strabo, was larger than Babylon, according to Diodorus Siculus had a circuit of 480 stadia, and according to Jonah "three day's journey," or sixty miles. The same difficulty prevents identification with either of the other groups. But if the four great mounds of *Nimrud*, *Konyunjik*, *Khorsabad*, and *Karamless* be taken as the corners of an irregular quadrangle, its dimensions will very nearly correspond with the de-

scription given by ancient geographers—150 stadia north and south, and 90 east and west, forming a circumference of 480 stadia, or about sixty miles. These boundaries will also afford dimensions in accordance with the manner of constructing ancient cities. They were not, as cities of the present day, composed of buildings compact together, but inclosed large areas of ground, parts of which were unoccupied by houses. Land enough was embraced in the limits of cities to furnish gardens, orchards, fields for corn, and subsist much cattle. It is true in regard to Nineveh, no great continuous wall, extending throughout the whole circuit of sixty miles, and including all the groups of mounds, has yet been discovered, and may never have existed. The large mounds may have formed the strongholds or fortified places, and doubtless included the residences of kings, their priests, and principal officers, and in times of danger or attack afforded places of refuge for the inhabitants. Between and around these the people may have had their dwellings, their orchards, gardens, and even fields of grain. The whole surface of the quadrangle gives evidence in scattered ruins of such a mode of construction; and even Rawlinson admits that each of these clusters of mounds may have formed part of "that group of cities which, in the time of Jonah, was known by the common name of Nineveh." The ruins at *Nimrud* seem to occupy the site of the original city. As the population increased its dimensions were enlarged. A new king or new dynasty, desirous of embellishing the capital of his kingdom, or of erecting a memorial to his name, may have chosen new sites for his palaces and temples, and thus added to the limits of the city until they attained the boundaries indicated by ancient writers.

The total disappearance of this proud city is one of the mysterious events in the world's history—an impressive memorial of Divine displeasure manifested against the wickedness of a people. Its buried remains are a sad comment on mere earthly glory. The Hebrew preacher, B. C. 850, for the sins of its people, threatened the destruction of Nineveh "in three days." Their speedy repentance delayed the coming judgment. Their turning to God, however, seems only to have been temporary. In a little over two centuries after the warnings of the prophet were uttered, the simoon of destruction came upon them, and that great city was left in ruins. In nervous language the prophets of Israel had predicted this calamity. "With an overcoming flood" one had declared God "will make an utter end of the place thereof.

The gates of thy land shall be set wide open unto thine enemies; the fire shall devour thy bars. There is no healing of thy bruise. The gates of the rivers shall be opened, and the palace shall be dissolved. Then shall the fire devour thee."

Diodorus Siculus states, in his narrative of the siege of the city by the Medo-Babylonian army, that an old prophecy existed "that Nineveh should not be taken till the river became an enemy to the city; and that in the third year of the siege, the river being swollen with continued rains, overflowed part of the city, and broke down the wall for twenty stadia; then the king, thinking that the oracle was fulfilled, built a large funeral pile in the palace, and collecting together all his wealth, and his concubines, and eunuchs, burned himself and the palace with them all; and the enemy entered the breach that the waters had made and took the city." The people were surprised in the midst of their debaucheries, the "last and fatal assault was made while they were overcome with wine." Nahum's predictions were literally fulfilled: "She is empty, and void, and waste. All they that look upon thee shall flee from thee, and say Nineveh is laid waste." The picture of desolation, even more vividly drawn by Zephaniah, was realized: "He will make Nineveh a desolation and dry like a wilderness. Flocks shall lie down in the midst of her. Both the cormorant and the bittern shall lodge in the upper lintels of it. Desolation shall be in the thresholds, for he shall uncover the cedar work. How is she become a desolation, a place for beasts to lie down in! Every one that passeth by her shall hiss and wag his hand!"

Not long after these predictions were uttered, though still the city stood in beauty and power, a confederacy of the Medes and Babylonians was formed against its power, and after a siege of nearly three years, about B. C. 606, Nineveh was taken and laid waste, "its monuments were destroyed, and its inhabitants scattered or carried away into captivity." Two centuries after, Herodotus, who doubtless passed its site, simply states that it "formerly stood" upon the Tigris. Xenophon, who, in the retreat of the ten thousand Greeks, must have encamped on or near the place, describes the ruins very much as they appear at the present day, but seems not to have known its old name. The later Hebrew prophets, while they allude to "all the kingdoms of the world which are upon the face of the earth," speak not of Nineveh, and only refer to the ruin of the Assyrian Empire as an example of the literal and fearful fulfillment of God's

threatened judgments. The historians of Alexander, while recording his exploits in this region, with one exception, do not even allude to Nineveh, so complete had been its destruction. A small castle seems to have stood upon some portion of its site during the Roman period, bearing the "ancient traditional name of Nineve." After the Arab conquest a fort there was called Ninawi. A traveler in the twelfth century "mentions the site of Nineveh as occupied by numerous inhabited villages." Niebuhr speaks of "Nunyah" as a village standing on "a considerable hill." At the present day tribes of Turcomans, Arabs, and Syrian Christians occupy small mud-built villages, and cultivate the soil around its ruins. The old canals of the plain are dry; flocks of sheep and herds of camels seek pasturage among the mounds; the croak of the cormorant and the screech of the bittern may be heard in the surrounding marshes; the cedar wood has been uncovered by modern explorers, "and in the desolated halls the hyena, the wolf, the fox, and the jackal now lie down."

Such is the sad desolation that long since overwhelmed this grand city of ancient days—a city in whose palaces monarchs reigned, wielding powerful scepters; in whose halls were displayed the grandest achievements of ancient art; in whose marts merchants, numerous as "the stars of heaven," engaged in traffic and accumulated the wealth of the world; in whose streets was heard the busy tramp of thronging multitudes; in whose temples God was not acknowledged, but the behests of idolatry were most obscenely practiced; and from whose walls issued forth armies eastward and westward, a terror to the nations, the proud boast of their victorious leaders. More than two thousand years ago the startling announcement was made to the nations, Nineveh, that "great city," is fallen; it is laid waste. And now after reading its history, and wondering at its achievements in arts and war, we may turn away from the scene of all its former glory with the simple, sad reflection *that the grass for long ages has grown over its grave.*

It is a most fearful fact to think of, that in every heart there is some secret spring that would be weak at the touch of temptation, and that is liable to be assailed. Fearful and yet salutary to think of, for the thought may serve to keep our moral nature braced. It warns us that we can never stand at ease, or lie down in this field of life, without sentinels of watchfulness and camp-fires of prayer.

DESECRATION.

HUMANITY has its ebb and flow of feeling. A while ago bound in the prisoning chains of puritanic forms and monkish ceremonies—now each pulsation goes bounding wildly in its freedom. No shackles, not even the confining shelter from danger, will it brook, so thoroughly has it learned to hate its slavery. Like a very boy in his first vacation days, it runs wild in its exhilaration and lawlessness. Like a tired child, it will soon be calm again.

The world was becoming prudish and formal in its morals; in its spirit it was almost in its dotage. Great men saw it, and tried to waken into freshened life its lethargy. The world discovered how bound it was by custom and antiquity, by prejudice and narrow-mindedness, and in endeavoring to cultivate the habit of unbiased judgment, to encourage generous sympathies and charitable criticisms, to adopt a habit of free, independent thought and self-reliance, it unfortunately, but naturally, fell into the opposite extreme, the present liberalism of the age. Now, excessive charitableness often destroys all moral distinctions, and too daring and unguarded freethinking casts aside, in its haughty contempt, the accumulated wisdom of centuries, and trusts its own quick solutions of theory more than the long-drawn, practical lessons of history and experience.

But in nothing else may we notice more plainly the revulsion of feeling from the puritanic age, or recognize the extreme into which we have fallen in attempting to correct the faults of the past, than in the present spirit of desecration which manifests itself every-where. The veil of the Temple has been rent in twain and our feet unbound, that we might come still nearer to those places where the other world shines most brightly through the darkness and the mist of this—that, reverently hushing the din of the world within our hearts, the weird, awful echoes of eternity might be patiently studied for their strange revelations. But in the recklessness of our new freedom we have made the temple of God the house of merchandise where we see only the changers of money sitting, and hear only the altercations of the buyer and seller.

We are like children whose curiosity revels for the first time among the rarities of some closely guarded treasury; in all the temple of God we find no form of beauty so heavenly we dare not tear it in pieces to analyze its mechanism. We tear off the glossy surface every-where that we may see the rough substratum. With peering gaze we seek to look beneath the

glorifying haze which a loving reverence throws over all things, and with strange folly try to drive it all away with the imputation of sentimentality.

The world remembers its former abject servitude under tyrannous priests, and, from its tendency to run from one into an opposite extreme, its natural disposition now is to shun or despise God's messengers, though their lips have been "touched with a live coal from off a heavenly altar" and their message authorized by Him who sits supreme above all. It recollects the old prisoning monasteries, and in its childish fury it would often tear down even God's temples. We have hated the slavish pilgrimages to Mecca, and so we, as Hawthorne says, "go all wrong by too strenuous a resolution to go all right," for we will not notice the halo that glorious deeds cast about the dust of earth. We have despised the wicked worship of emblems, and we will not even accept their telescopic aid, looking through them into heaven, but lightly estimate forms, rites, and suggestive ceremonies.

Where now for us, whose practical spirit irreverently changes every fragment of Eden we can find on earth into a corn-field, a pasture, an orchard, or a mill-race—where are now our sacred places? Where are our Mount Sinais, which the thunderings of God's voice have sanctified, and our Mount Tabors where the humanity within us has been eclipsed by the divinity of our souls, and we have seen and talked with the glorious dead? Where are our Mount Calvarys, where the torture of pure hearts has bought our ransom from many a bondage, and our Mount of Olives which has been made sacred to us by angels strengthening us in our agony? All the world is fast becoming a common level, and alike to us.

There are no habits of life so sacred that they are not brought upon the public stage, a subject for ridicule. The most dignified, the most thrilling, and the most holy experiences are impertinently and rudely mimicked before us, and we laugh at our own portraiture. This habit of public desecration must take away, of course, much of the beauty and blessedness of life. It makes us blush at the love that spiritualizes our tedious home duties, and ashamed of the religion that sanctifies the dull minutiae of life.

We also see this tendency to desecration in the pernicious and contemptible parodies of the day, and in the odious burlesques so often forced upon our attention. The most exquisite beauty can not be suffered to remain as it is, but dust must be thrown upon every thing.

Nothing is left upon a pedestal. Every thing must come down to the common ground which is within the reach of the Vandal connoisseur of the present age, and share the fate of all the imperial treasures of the past.

But in our religion most painfully may we recognize this fearful habit of desecration. God must come down and sit in our judgment-hall, his character, his motives, and his mercy be discussed. It has, too, become a prominent habit with many to exhibit their wit by impertinently and incongruously using amid scenes of gayety the words of Him before whom the beautiful cherubim veil their faces, and we smile complacently at such daring. With what horror shall we regard such mocking frivolity when we apprehend their awful meaning as the soul first gets out of its prison and sees realities as they are!


Even amid the solemnities of prayer we may recognize a feature of this irreverence. The formula of supplication is too often made up of ideas wholly inconsistent with a feeling of humility or reverent trust, and not infrequently accompanied by a self-complacent, dictatorial manner. And when God comes down and talks with us, we do not try with tabernacles to win him to a constant abode with us. We will not even listen to the voice, "Take off thy shoes, the place whereon thou standest is holy ground," and to our worldly hearts the "still, small voice" is only a good practical suggestion, to be heeded at our option.

Strange it is that God bears with us—as strange that we can endure our own lives, from which the sanctity and blessedness have been taken by our own ruthless hands.

The whole wide earth is God's temple. Our lives, which should be full of sacredness and worship, ought not by trifling, and worldliness, and desecration, irreverently to change this house of God into a house of merchandise, lest God shall drive us away, as he did the Jews, throwing down our tables, and casting out our treasures in disapproval. Our voices should throw into the soulful anthem Earth daily sings to God, no light ditties, nor a single discordant tone. Let earth be to us still the temple of our God.

Do you pray for your children earnestly, constantly, believingly? Do you teach your children perseveringly, unweariedly, lovingly? Do you watch your children tenderly, patiently, solemnly? Do you make companions of your children, that they may walk in your ways, as you are walking in the ways of God?

WHO IS TO BLAME?

 "THE vanity and frivolity of woman," said Francis Watson, as he sank into a rocking-chair in his cousin's cozy sewing-room. "There you are, Belle, over that mass of ruffling still. I believe you have been three days over it."

"Yes, and a good two days' work still to be done on it if I work alone."

"Now, Belle, do you think it reasonable for an intelligent girl like you to waste so much precious time in such folly?"

"I would n't if I could afford to hire a seamstress to do it for me."

"Nonsense. Why must you have it done at all? Why not wear your dress more simple?"

"I would gladly, if I would not by it lose my place in society. I like to be noticed and conversed with, and asked out as well as any body."

"But what person of sense would not think the more of you for being sensibly attired?"

"Not one that I know of but would think the worse of me. A few ladies might approve, but not one gentleman."

"There you are certainly wrong, Belle. Don't the men almost universally, sensible men I mean, condemn this waste of time of the girls over so much fussing with their hair and their flounces?"

"Yes, in theory, but in society they show that it was only mere talk, by seeking out these fashionably dressed girls and giving them all the attentions. They look at plainly dressed wives and daughters with any thing but pleasure, and wish they could be induced to give a little more attention to dress. Did n't I see my very sensible cousin at a party last week devote himself to the most empty-headed butterfly in the room, just because she chanced to have the gayest wings of any one present? There were the two Miss Matthews, excellent, pious girls, just from Holyoke, and expecting soon to go on a foreign mission, who received no attentions except from a few elderly people. If they had come out in flounces and hunched-up overskirts, all ruffled around, they would have been quite distinguished."

"Why, Belle, how you go on! I am sure those girls looked any thing but attractive. I did n't imagine they were going on a mission, or were especially well educated. I thought they were probably some country relations of Mrs. Edwards."

"I do n't know that it would have been any thing against them if they had been. But you formed your opinion entirely from their plain, sensible dresses, that you are recommending to

me. You had no other ground for deciding, I am sure, as you did not exchange ten words with them."

"Now you come down so particularly, Belle, I must say. I do n't like a dress too plain. There is a proper medium in every thing."

"Miss Lucie Clayton had about hit the medium, I suppose. I do n't think it took herself, and mother, and a dress-maker over a week to hem and plait the ruffles on her dress and over-skirt and basque."

"You astonish me, Belle. I thought she seemed very simply dressed in that pure white suit."

"That is just as much as you men know. It reminds me of a minister who took dinner here once, who had a very patronizing air. At the table we had a very elaborate dessert I had taken a fancy to try my hand at, and the young man seemed to fancy it, for he passed his plate three times. At the last, he said to his wife, 'This is a nice simple dish, why do n't you learn how, and often make it for us?' She had me explain the process, which quite astonished him, and the expense of it seemed still more to horrify him. It is just so with you men folks about the simple toilets you wish women to wear. They must be very simple, with only two or three rows of trimming, and a simple over-skirt, almost like an apron—nothing could be plainer; with the hair just put up in a net simply, with a few simple ringlets falling over it, and all that nonsense; but once you happen to be around and see these simple dresses made up, you are shocked at the waste of time and labor."

"I have tried the simple-dressing plan, sir, to my satisfaction. I went to a strange church once on a rainy Sunday, with a plain dress and my water-proof cloak. The polite sexton put me in a corner with the roughest people who came there to church. The next Sabbath being bright, I came in a good silk suit, new and fresh, and was taken up the broad aisle and given one of the front pews. It was not me, but the dress, that was honored, but it was pleasant for all that. The same spirit prevails all the way up and down in the ranks, and until men change their practice and make it accord better with their preaching, there will be no end of this extravagance and folly. I should dearly love to go back to the days of plain skirts. It would give me so much more time for reading and mental culture; so much more time for doing good to others, but I can't bear to be shut out from society. I know some good girls who have the moral courage to do it, and I honor them. But I do not know a single gentleman who does. They have their own resources, and can be

happy among themselves. I envy them, but am too much a slave to what folks will say to imitate them. So, Frank, I assure you that the fault lies mainly with your sex. Though you say you know nothing about these matters, can't tell whether a woman has on one or ten flounces, yet you go as straight as a line and pick out these highly dressed ones—of course always assuming that they are not gaudily dressed, as that is repulsive to most eyes—and bestow on them all your civilities. You admire these things without knowing or considering the vast amount of time, labor, and money expended in them. When you reform in your practice, ladies will change their styles, but not before."

"I have heard a gentleman who was loud against the fashions of the day, chide his wife for going out to tea with her plain black silk on, where other ladies were very fashionably dressed. He thought she might wear something a little more suitable, never reflecting how he had always inveighed against the making-up of these same suitable clothes. He wished for the effect without the expense and toil of making; as well sit in your rocking-chair on the railroad track and wish yourself at the end of your journey. I want you, Frank, to have a little more sense than the rest of them as you go with the world, and at least be consistent. Do n't talk against fashionable dressing until you are ready to set your face against it. Let your practice and precept hold together, and do learn to put the blame of this great extravagance and burden of work on the right shoulders. I wish every man had one of these dresses to make up, and I know he would soon change his views about their beauty."

THE PASTOR'S WIFE.*

AS to the proper qualifications of a pastor's wife, it may be summarily said, that they should correspond in all important respects with those demanded in the pastor himself.

If any should think that this assertion places the standard too high, let him reflect upon, 1. The unity of character and influence contemplated by the marriage relation; and 2. The peculiar responsibilities and duties of the pastor's wife.

The first of these topics has only to be considered in the light of the Scripture affirmation, "they twain shall be one flesh," to make it evident that no one can succeed well as a pastor

* From the "Christian Pastorate," by Rev. D. P. KIDDER, D. D. 1 vol., 12mo. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden.

whose wife lacks the essential characteristics of the experience, knowledge, and character defined in the chapter referred to.

While this is not the place to discuss in detail the peculiar responsibilities and duties of a pastor's wife, it doubtless is the place to assert that both demand full exemplification in the following particulars:

1. A pastor's wife should be a model Christian woman, illustrating with religious fidelity all those traits of character which ennoble and adorn her sex.

2. As manager and head of the pastor's household, she should maintain a model home, adapted to her circumstances, and, if need be, to her trials.

3. She should be a true helpmeet of the minister in the many phases and departments of his work in which she can render him aid.

4. While she should not be forward, or feel herself neglected, if not put forward in Church enterprises, she should nevertheless qualify herself, and be ready, if occasion requires, to be a judicious and enterprising leader in those various forms of Christian activity in which ladies can act with propriety and efficiency.

Should the question be asked, What can be done when ladies have been induced to assume the position of ministers' wives without either the qualifications requisite, or any adequate idea of them? the answer is obvious and demands application in hundreds of cases. Every effort should be made by the ladies in question to attain the qualifications needed, and all possible aid should be rendered them on the part of their husbands for that specific object. In the majority of cases the faults existing are more attributable to the husbands than to the wives. Had the former been considerate and patient, and allowed sufficient time, the latter would doubtless have liked nothing so well as opportunities for special preparation for the duties and responsibilities upon which they are invited to enter, but which they were not previously authorized to anticipate. Great inconsiderateness is often displayed at this very point. Young men who have for long years been studying to prepare themselves for ministerial duty, seem to expect ladies to whom they propose marriage, to be ready for corresponding duties in the course of a few months. But worse than this, when marriage is consummated, they take no suitable measures to aid their companions in securing the adaptations, and making the improvement possible to them in their new positions.

Thus many a young minister, however inadvertently, has become actually culpable in neglecting to encourage in his wife those high

aspirations and studious habits which would have enabled her to keep pace with his own mental progress, if not even to quicken and lead it forward. At the same time, he has had his share of responsibility in imposing upon the object of his affections a heavy burden of family cares which she has been doomed to bear for the remainder of her life.

Reflection will enable any one to see that matrimonial partnership should extend, at least in spirit and sympathy, to every phase of practical life, and that unless it does in the pastoral sphere, instead of a perpetually increasing assimilation of character and qualifications, an endless divergence may take place that will be seriously prejudicial to both parties. It is scarcely possible to avoid such a divergence where one party is mentally progressive while the other is stationary. Hence, as every minister ought to be intellectually progressive, his wife, also, in her sphere, ought not to be behind him. And that she may not be, both minister and people are responsible to relieve her from unnecessary burdens, and to encourage her in all noble efforts.

No one will question the assertion that every married pastor ought to have a model family, in which not only neatness, order, and economy of household arrangements, but also Christian life and duty, are constantly exemplified. Such a family, in any community, will be a constant power for good. As a presiding genius over the arrangements and harmonies of domestic life, in the focus, as it were, of a religious community, the pastor's wife finds her primary and peculiar sphere of responsibility and influence. Not only is she expected to accomplish the usual tasks of a good wife and mother, but to see that her household is regulated with a controlling reference to her husband's personal and public obligations. If it is his duty to devote his mornings, and sometimes other hours, to study, it is her duty not only to avoid trespassing upon those hours, but also to protect him as much as possible from the interruptions of company, and yet to treat with courtesy all persons who may call. She should also be on the alert for opportunities in which to exert a happy social and religious influence in the Church and community. Innumerable are the ways in which womanly tact, under the control of Christian sympathy, fervent zeal, and a wise discretion, can aid and supplement a pastor's best endeavors to do good and build up the Church.

It is not to be denied or even doubted that both the pastor and his wife must encounter difficulties, and sometimes serious difficulties, in maintaining a high standard of family order,

government, and influence. Many are the inconveniences they suffer in the course of successive removals, and especially in the exposure of their children to so many acquaintances and often undesirable influences. It is not seldom that even the partialities of their friends cause them embarrassments difficult to be managed. Nevertheless, when their crosses are borne in the spirit of self-denial for Christ's sake, they usually prove to be blessings in disguise, or at least are, in the end, overruled for their good. With them as with others "t is home where the heart is," and when their heart is deeply interested in the salvation of the community in which their lot is cast, they learn to toil cheerfully, and, if necessary, endure privations patiently for the sake of Him who hath called them to so great and good a work.

But with all he is called on to do for others, the pastor must never forget that his family is a part of his field of ministerial labor. In it he must offer daily the morning and evening sacrifice of thanksgiving and prayer. In it he must, not on the Sabbath merely, but constantly, preach by example as well as by precept, and in it he may hope to gather some of the richest and ripest fruits of his labor in the vineyard of the Lord. All these considerations combine to render the home associations of a pastor very sacred and precious to him, and all the more so when he is enabled to see that even with added cares and burdens his family becomes to him an agency of help to an enlarged and enlarging influence in the community in which he dwells. Certain it is, that in the bosom of his family, and amid the surroundings of wife and children, he learns to take views of human life far more real, and, consequently, better adapted to influence his opinions and teachings than if he dwelt in a cloister or in personal seclusion from the actualities of human society.

In conclusion of this chapter, it is proper to say, that if a pastor would have a model home, and make that home an agency of good to all who come within its influence, he must, on his part, be a model of all home proprieties and courtesies. It is not enough that he be polite and agreeable in other circles, or even command admiration in general society. He must also, where he is known best, be an example of all that is winning and lovely in his daily walk and conversation; manifesting to his wife and children, if he have them, a deep, tender, and constant interest in their welfare. What has been said with reference to the art of pleasing is scarcely less true of the art of doing good to those around us—"it lies chiefly in a constant attention to small and often indescribable things."

Not only should the law of kindness rule in his heart, it should also overflow from his lips in those kind words which never die. Especially, when a pastor's cares and anxieties weigh upon him, he should be on his guard against that gloominess and reserve, not to speak of petulance and irritability, which will inflict upon his friends the penalties of his official position. Rather by habitual geniality in his home scenes he should seek those agreeable changes in the current of his thoughts which will strengthen him for other scenes and sterner duties.

PATIENT CONTINUANCE.

LIFE is a warfare. Paul recognized this fact variously and frequently. It is the underlying idea when he urges his son Timothy to fight the "good fight of faith," when he bids his brethren at Ephesus "put on the whole armor of God," and when he speaks of himself as having "fought a good fight." The warfare is not chiefly with carnal weapons; it is rather a contest of the soul against principalities, against powers, against spiritual wickedness in high places. But it is real and not merely seeming. The foes are not myths but entities. The struggle does not pertain to the imagination, it touches the most vital parts of experience. It calls for the highest forms of courage, and for the exercise of the wisest forethought and the rarest skill. Defeat here involves the most terrible calamities; a victory is the chief good and the supreme glory of a life.

If there be those who know nothing of this warring element in experience, it is generally because the moral nature has hardly waked into healthful activity. There is with them no high and definite aim. The moral movement is not toward the true and specific goal. The soul floats with the current, offering little resistance and uttering no decided protest. There is neither a plan nor a purpose worthy of one bearing God's image, summoned to be a laborer with him, and invited to share his eternal fellowship.

All the truly great names in history stand for heroic struggle. Sainthood is the product of earnest endeavor. Copyists of Christ's spirit and life have largely traversed the battle-fields where he met Satan, and their experience interprets his temptation, his tears, his sweat of agony, and his cry of desolation on the cross. Others, who live only on the surface, may escape all serious and impressive experience, but they who penetrate the depths of existence

know that all high success is wrested from opposition and that peace is the child of conflict.

Young, ardent, and untried souls often hope to conquer fully and finally by means of a single desperate charge. Their courage is of that sort which is impatient of delay and hopes to frighten opposition into flight or surrender by one bold dash. At the hour of conversion these throbbing and untaught natures are wont to imagine that the fight is over and the field thoroughly won. They flourish the rash boaster's plume and speak his triumphant words. They picture to themselves a stately march over a sort of Appian Way for the remainder of life, where the trophies of their valor are to appear on every hand, and where the conqueror's welcome is to ring out from the Celestial City's gates to cheer them onward and signalize their coronation.

But this illusion is soon dispelled. They find themselves in the same old world as before. The strongest currents of influence set against them and flow downward. The passions of the soul have life in them still. The plea of expediency against principle finds something responsive within. The foes that once fled re-appear and fling down their challenge. The magnetism of the earth is yet strong. The way of duty is toilsome as well as strait. Fidelity involves self-denial as well as satisfaction. The victory of to-day leads to a fresh battle-field to-morrow. The "well done" which approves our triumph is followed by a new order which points out a service of larger dimensions and requiring a higher style of courage.

In such a life a dashing bravery and a desperate charge will not alone meet the demand. The courage needed is that which is calm and enduring, not simply that which is spasmodic and aggressive. The furious assault must be followed by the fortifying discretion. Vigilance must supplement valor. One must know how to use victory as well as how to win it. In a word, *patient continuance* is essential to the triumph which wakes the "all hail" of heavenly voices and brings in everlasting security. The steady resolve is what wears out opposition. The faith that endures as seeing Him who is invisible is the faith that writes its history in such words as thrill us all through the eleventh chapter of the epistle to the Hebrews. The soul that refuses to capitulate is the soul for whose coronation day the amaranth is being twined. The hope that refuses to be discouraged, even when the darkness is deepest, is the hope that maketh not ashamed and that shall find promise surely maturing into fruit. They who press the siege with unconquerable per-

sistence shall witness the strongest holds of sin falling like the walls of Jericho, and the upholders of iniquity surrendering to the tireless and patient energy which God's promise has inspired and sustained. They who never weary of well-doing, and never become distrustful under delays, and never faint amid the protraction of service, are sure to win their reward and reap their harvest. Their seeking for glory, and honor, and immortality is the main occupation of this lower sphere, and God takes care that the pledge of eternal life is fulfilled unto them.

It is this type of Christian character, suggested by the phrase, "patient continuance," that is specially needed to-day. It is that too which is greatly lacking in our Churches. The quietude of dullness and feebleness is abundant enough. Spasmodic ardor and resolute storming parties can be had perchance on demand, and these get the public eye and praise; but, while they have their ministry and their value, they are not the only nor the main things that are wanted. The vehement promise may be well enough if it springs from strong conviction, but the steady performance is the highest proof that a hero has entered the field of moral conflict, and that a true workman is busy in the Lord's vineyard. The heated talker, who details his plans and parades his undertakings, may arrest more attention and win the noisier applause; but the steady, patient toiler, who indicates what he is doing only by the multiplying furrows where he steadily drops and carefully covers the good seed, and by the sheaves which he silently and modestly bears to the garner, is often doing what yields the largest blessing to men, and puts the most grateful emphasis into the waiting approval of God. Whatever others may do or fail to do, such a soul shall not spend its strength for naught, nor find its expectation perishing, nor miss the reward promised by the great Master to those who endure unto the end.

This thought has its lessons of instruction and warning for those whose religion shows itself only in vehement spasms or periodical flashings of ardor; it has a word of hope and comfort for those who know much of brave conflict and little of restful peace and rapturous confidence; and it has a plain direction for those who are sincerely and earnestly asking how they may solve the great problem of life and carry a worthy record up to the last tribunal.

BASE all your actions upon a principle of right; preserve your integrity of character, and in doing this, never reckon the cost.



THE STORMY PETREL.

No halcyon for Summer seas,
 For vernal skies no bird am I;
 My carol is the fitful breeze,
 And Winter's storm my lullaby.
 Fair ship, that shin'st a sun-kissed cloud
 Of canvas in the distant blue,
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Too brave the hopes your sails that crowd;
 Pass on—I am no mate for you!
 And you, fond lovers, whisp'ring low,
 Or pensive pacers of the deck
 That dream of home, but little know
 The deep, and less its dangers reck,

Your airy phantoms weave! The night
Is calm; upon the moonlit sea
Your bark rocks careless; far from sight
This flatt'ring eve my flight shall be.

Another morn may break ere long,
And summon all to black despair,
Another dance, another song
Be yours—and then shall I be there!

A gleam of white 'mongst angry waves,
A wail that's drowned by madden'd blasts—
I'll hover o'er your yawning graves,
And ghost-like mock the dipping masts.

Then happiest when the sails are rent,
When waves like mountains blind the stars,
When shrieks and oaths with prayers are blent
I haunt the roaring surf-strewn bars;

Or in mid-ocean, while the ship,
Wave-smitten, groans alone with God,
Rejoicing o'er their crests and trip,
And tread the paths none else hath trod.

O, mother! when, on lowly knees
In some calm home, thou nam'st thy boy,
I watch him 'whelmed 'neath cruel seas,
Nor doth his corpse my peace annoy.

His golden locks weed-tangled creep
Through dark salt depths to silent sands.
What care I? Softer hearts may weep,
I heed nor tears nor pray'rful hands.

'T is mine, a bird of woe, to rede
More caution to the careless keel;
If the rash sailor earn his meed,
No pity for his fate I feel.

And yet my very name speaks hope
To drowning wretches—Peter's Bird—
For Faith with wildest winds will cope,
Faith walks safe, though the depths be stirr'd.

And sometimes in my lonely isle
Do softer feelings to me come;
And, plunging from my steep rock-pile,
I, too, can taste the joys of home,
And, o'er my fledglings in my nest,
With brooding wings, their love I knew,
Who, when the night winds moan, ne'er rest,
Whose fears in anxious prayers o'erflow.

AN AUTUMN WAIF.

SOFT, dreamy lights the purple haze
Sends quiv'ring o'er these Autumn days,
The year hath dropped his toil and care
A coronal of peace to wear.

The glory that the sunset weaves
Hath tinged the verdant forest leaves;
And kingly mountains, stern and old,
Arise in crimson and in gold.

'T is as God's hand were resting now
On Nature's throbbing heart and brow,

And as his voice did hush the streams
From wayward wiles to quiet dreams.

The slumb'rous sweetness in the air
Doth seem the breathing of a pray'r,
Through heavenward paths my soul should stray
Upon this glad and golden day.

And yet my thoughts on wand'ring wing
Flit back to hills encrowned with Spring,
Seek lands where Summer roses blow,
And laughing, leaping fountains flow.

I long to pluck again thy flow'rs,
That blossomed in departed hours;
Though Autumn use her sweetest art
Her falling leaves fall on my heart.

Like waves my mem'ries lave thy shore,
O, past land, bright forever more,
But ne'er returning bring to me
One fairy bud or bloom from thee!

And wearily I turn away,
E'en to the Winter, cold and gray;
For golden Autumns only fling
The shadow of a vanished Spring.

THE ROYAL GIFT.

A ROYAL gift—a year of time,
With all its months, and days, and hours;
With all its pride of hopes and joys,
Its pleasures and its powers.

Set with an aureole of gems,
Flashing with light supernal;
Crystal and ruby—amethyst,
Fair seasons—bright and vernal.

Skies, varying with a matchless art,
Sun, moon, and starlights peerless;
Calms, rare and radiant as a charm,
Storms, sweeping wild and fearless.

A year, the sparkles of the morn
In wondrous transformation
Change more than thrice a hundred times
To shadowy night's oblation.

For you with buds and flowers the Spring
Fills Summer's fragrant fingers;
For you the glory of the Fall
And Winter's splendor lingers!

For you the loveliness of land
And soft air's trembling motion;
For you the grand magnificence
And majesty of ocean!

These gifts unto one perfect end,
Like the flowings of a river,
Are all to make life beautiful,
To give back to the Giver.

He has done every thing for you,
Filled all the world with beauty;
What can you render back to Him
But life, and love, and duty?



A GROUP OF FAKIRS.

THE FAKIRS, THE RELIGIOUS GUIDES OF THE WOMEN OF INDIA.

THOUGH intending on this topic to reserve facts that would offend the eye, yet, nevertheless, one feels as though an apology were in place when undertaking to introduce such acquaintances as the above to the lady readers of the Repository. But what will they think when told that there are a hundred millions of their sex in India who have been trained, that so far from feeling any revulsion at the sight or approach of the originals, actually deem it an honor to perform for them even menial services, and who bow down before them as the highest exemplars of merit and holiness that they can ever know?

I had long been anxious to obtain a photograph of some of these "saints" of India, but was hindered chiefly by their decided unwillingness to sit for such a purpose. At length, through the aid of a friend at Almorah, these seven were induced, by the payment of a couple of rupees, to give us a ten minutes' chance to take them. They showed considerable fear and restiveness, dreading that the camera—being beyond their comprehension—might contain

something injurious or bewitching. The center fellow, with his hands up, betook himself to earnest prayer to his God, to preserve him during the operation from any evil effect, and the termination of the effort was a considerable relief to him, as also to the rest.

The other group, further on, is of a different class, and was obtained at Delhi without the trouble of payment, from the fact that being a *Yogee*, and therefore silent, he did not even condescend a look while the apparatus was fixed and the picture taken; but his attendant Fakir stood confounded, not knowing what was designed, and wondering if that machine, pointed at his abstracted master, was going to do him any harm.

Of all the curses under which India and her daughters groan, it may safely be said that this profession of the Fakirs is one of the heaviest and most debasing. The world never beheld a truer illustration of putting "darkness for light," than is afforded in the character, appearance, and influence of these filthy, ignorant, beastly looking men—fellows that in any civilized land

would be indicted as "common vagrants," or hooted out of society as an intolerable outrage on common decency. But they swarm in India, infest its highways, crowd its ghats and temples, creep into its homes, and lead captive its poor silly women, and hold the general mind of India in such craven fear that the courtly Rajah, riding in his silver howdah on the back of his elephant, and surrounded by his retinue, will rise from his seat and salaam to one of these creatures as he goes by.

The lawgiver of India, while so jealously providing for the seclusion of the ladies of the land, expressly relaxes the rules in favor of four classes of men—Fakirs, Bards, Brahmans, and Servants—in the following section of the code: "Mendicants, encomiasts, men prepared for a sacrifice, cooks and other artisans, are not prohibited from speaking to married women." (Sec. 360, chap. 8.) They can exercise their discretion how far they shall unveil themselves before them, though in their intercourse with Brahmans and Fakirs they are instructed that all restriction may be laid aside. They are as absolutely in their power as the female penitents of the Romish Church are in that of their priesthood, and even more so. The terrible consequences of the authority, intercourse, and example of such spiritual guides are but too apparent in the condition of the people.

This state of things has lasted for long ages past. Alexander the Great, in his invasion of India, 326 B. C., found these very men as we see them to-day. The historians of his expedition, Aristobulus and Ptolemy, as quoted by Arrian, give us accurate descriptions of them. The Greeks were evidently amused and astonished at the sight of these ascetics, and having no word in their language to describe them, they invented a new term and called them *Gymnosophists*—from *gymnos*, naked, and *sophos*, wise. The patient endurance of pain and privation, and the complete abstraction of some, with the free quotations of the Shaster *Slokes* and maxims of their philosophy by the others, led the amazed Alexander and his troops to designate them as "naked philosophers"—more literally so than by pictures here present, for—though in my possession—I did not dare to have those engraved whose nudity would have more fully justified the Greek designation. But they are still there, and of that class of them a few words farther on will be in place. Alexander's intimacy with them, was evidently too brief and occasional to give him any just idea of the profligacy of most of these wandering vagabonds, or what a pest they prove to be to the social life and morals of their country.

To attempt any general outline of their divisions, their rules, and special opinions, and discipline would be out of place here, and probably prove too much for the reader's patience, especially as there is so little that is "virtuous, lovely, or of good report" to relieve the sad description.

It may be enough to say that the word "Fakir"—pronounced Fakeer, with the *a* broad—is an Arabic term signifying "poor," or "a poor man," because these religious mendicants profess to have taken the vow of poverty; and in theory they hold themselves above the necessity of home, property, or money, realizing their living as a religious right from the people, and expecting entertainment and even indulgence wherever they come.

There are Mohammedan as well as Hindoo Fakirs, with a great variety of names and designations—*Sungasees*, *Pandarams*, *Kallendars*, *Yogees*, *Ghossains*, *Byragees*, etc. Some wander from place to place, some go on pilgrimages, and others locate themselves under a great banyan-tree or in the depths of a forest, in some ruined shrine or tomb, or on the bank of a river, and there receive the homage and offerings of their votaries.

Tavernier, and many other travelers, give plates and descriptions of these wretched hermits and self-torturers, and my own observation for many years enables me to attest the sad truthfulness of the representations. I have sometimes stood and looked at them in the wild jungle, miles away from a human habitation, filthy, naked, daubed with ashes and paint, and thought, how like they seemed to those wretched creatures whom a merciful Savior released from the power of evil spirits, and whom he so compassionately restored to decency, to friends, to society, and to their right minds.

Some few of these Fakirs are undoubtedly sincere in their profession of giving up the world, and its social and domestic relations, to embrace lives of poverty, solitude, mortification, and self-torture, or to devote themselves to a course of religious contemplation and asceticism. Others of them do it from a motive of vainglory, to be honored and worshiped by their deluded followers; while both of these classes expect, in addition, to accumulate thereby a stock of merit that will avail them in the next transmigration and hasten their absorption into Brahm. But no one who has seen and known them can doubt that the great majority of the Fakirs are impostors and hypocrites, indulging in gross licentiousness, while assuming the most sanctimonious airs, and thus imposing upon the credulity of a superstitious people, while they

live lives of laziness that, in their example and influence, are a curse to the whole land.

A glance at the picture will enable the reader more fully to understand the descriptions which follow. These wear some clothing, though not much. The hair of the head is permitted to grow—in some cases not cut, and evidently not combed—from the time when they enter upon this profession. It grows at length longer than the body, when it is wound round the head in a rope like a coil—as the gentleman with the big club on the left-hand side has it—and is fastened with a wooden pin. Having some doubts whether there really was not some make-believe in the huge roll, I questioned a Fakir one day about it, when, seizing the big pin, he pulled it out, and down fell the long line of hair trailing after him. It was all his own hair without any doubt.

But of the condition of those unkempt heads the less said the better. I leave all that "to the imagination of the reader." They belong to a fraternity who hold as a heresy the famous rule of the founder of Methodism, that "cleanliness is next to godliness." You stand and look at them, keeping, for good reason, at a respectful distance, and you see a human creature whose physical being, and each rag of his raiment, literally justifies the description of Holy Writ, "They are altogether become filthy." Daubed with an abominable unguent of cow dung and clay, or the ashes thereof, and the symbol of their deity marked in red paint upon their forehead and naked breast, their praying beads in one hand, and a club or staff in the other, they present an aspect of squalor and fierceness enough to frighten any lady save those deluded ones who, from early infancy, have been taught to bow down and acknowledge them as the saints of the Symteen—"the holy Fakirs of Hindoostan."

No greater contrast can be imagined than these filthy, ragged, absurd-looking wretches are to a pure, fair lady. Yet they are the religious guides of the female sex in India. Needs one wonder that women there are degraded when these are the clergy whose pastoral visits are counted an honor and privilege in their homes, when men like these have free access to them, and their poor, misdirected souls are trained to hold such monstrosities in veneration!

But even these in the picture are not the worst of the class. A large number of them engage in the most amazing manifestations of distortion, endurance, and self-torture. A few of these displays must be mentioned: One of them will lash a pole to his body, and fasten

the arm to it, pointing upward, and endure the torture till that limb becomes rigid and can not be taken down again. I saw one of them with both arms thus fixed, his hands some fifteen inches higher than his head, and utterly immovable. Others of them have been known to close the hand and hold it so till the nails penetrated the flesh and came out on the other side. Some will stand on one leg for years. A few never lie down, supported only by a stick or rope under their armpits, their legs meanwhile growing into hideous deformity and breaking out into ulcers. Mutilation is common, and so is mangling their bodies with scourges and knives. Sticking a spear through the protruded tongue or through the arm is very frequent, and so is hook-swinging—running sharp hooks through the small of the back, deep enough to bear the man's weight, when he is raised twenty or thirty feet into the air and swung round. Some lie in beds of iron spikes, others bury themselves up to the chin in the earth, while their ranks furnish many of the voluntary victims who fling themselves before the wheels of Juggernaut.

Beneath one of the noblest of the banyan trees of India, where a small temple to Mamaniva stands close to the trunk, might be seen a sight which one may well suppose could not be found out of the regions of torment. The place abounds with Fakirs in their various forms of penance and torture. One is sleeping suspended from a tree by a cord round his body. Another sits near him with both hands fixed immovable above his head, while a respectable woman, a devotee, is feeding him as an act of piety, for he never changes his posture or removes from the place. Beyond him again is a Fakir with expanded arms held horizontally, and now immovable. Then to the left you see a miserable creature on one knee, and a hand behind supporting himself; the other hand is in the air, and the face is up to the sun, the sight of the eyes already destroyed by the terrible gaze. Near him is another standing with four fires round him and the hot sun above, fulfilling Menu's rule of the penance of the "five fires." In a little cavern beneath the ground, covered over so that only one ray of light can penetrate, sits another in misery, while going across the area you see a Fakir whose mouth and nose are muffled up so that in drawing his breath he may not inhale the smallest insect in the air, and in his hand is a feather broom, with which he gently sweeps each spot on which he puts his foot, lest he should crush a worm or the tiniest creature. In that crowd of fanatics five of the men are literally naked, yet there are

ladies there, come either to minister to the mutilated or to consult and invoke these "saints," doing so with joined hands and great reverence, and often with costly gifts.

How beyond belief all this must seem to those who have never beheld such truly diabolical practices—for what else can we call them? But, alas! the evidence is only too abundant, and such names as Buchanan, Frazer, Linschoten, Mill, Sleeman, Martin, Heber, and scores of equally honorable and trustworthy travelers furnish the details, and leave the facts beyond question.

The object or motive of these penitential Fakirs we have already intimated. A few, most probably very few, may devote themselves to this horrible life under a sense of sin, which they would thus expiate, without the expectation, however, that any sense of heaven's forgiveness will ever reach their wretched hearts in this life, but hoping that the penance performed or the merit acquired will meet them in the new and improved conditions of their next transmigration, and thus the future load of existence be lightened somewhat of its present woe. But there are tens of thousands of them who take to the profession because it gives them a living off the public, and these are not specially severe in their mortifications.

A few, however, are animated by another class of motives. These hunger for fame; they have become Fakirs for the honor of the thing, are willing to suffer that they may be respected and adored by those who witness in wonder the amazing self-tortures which they will endure. "They do these things to be seen of men. Verily I say unto you, they have their reward." Humanity is the same, whether it seeks its own glory in India or in Judea. There is an incident at hand which may be worth relating to illustrate this aspect of the subject, which was turned into verse by a humorous Englishman, and, being as modest a rendering as was practicable, we present it here.

One of these self-glorifying Fakirs, after graduating to saintship by long years of austerities and extensive pilgrimages, took it into his head that he could still further exalt his fame by riding about in a sort of sedan-chair with the seat stuck full of nails. Four men carried him from town to town, shaking him as little as possible. Great was the admiration of his endurance which awaited him every-where. At length—no doubt when his condition had become such that he was for the time disposed to listen to some friendly advice—a rich native gentleman met him, and tried very earnestly to persuade him to quit his uncomfortable seat and have

mercy upon himself. But here let Mr. Cambridge give the reasoning of the kind-hearted native and point the moral of the story. He says to the Fakir:

"Can such wretches as you give to madness a vogue?
Though the priesthood of Fo on the vulgar impose,
By squinting whole years at the end of their nose;
Though with cruel devices of mortification
They adore a vain idol of modern creation;
Does the God of the heavens such a service direct,
Can his mercy approve a self-punishing sect;
Will his wisdom be worshiped with chains and with nails,
Or e'er look for his rites in your noses and tails?
Come along to my house and these penances leave,
Give your belly a feast, and your breech a reprieve."
This reasoning unshing'd each fanatical notion,
And staggered our saint in his chair of promotion;
At length with reluctance he rose from his seat,
And resigning his nails and his fame for retreat,
Two weeks his new life he admired and enjoyed,
The third he with plenty and quiet was cloyed;
To live undistinguished to him was the pain,
An existence unnoticed he could not sustain.
In retirement he sighed for the fame-giving chair,
For the crowd to admire him, to reverence and stare;
No endearments of pleasure and ease could prevail,
He the saintship resum'd, and new larded his tail."

The reference, in the third line, as to "squinting whole years at the end of his nose," is a serious subject, and will be explained hereafter.

Sometimes Fakirs will undertake to perform a very painful and lengthened exercise in measuring the distance to the sacred city of Benares from some point, such as a shrine or famous temple, even hundreds of miles away, though months and even years, may be required to complete the journey. I had once the opportunity of seeing one of these men performing this feat. When I met him he was on the Grand Trunk Road, over two hundred and forty miles from Benares. He had already accomplished about two hundred miles—a crowd accompanied him from village to village, as men turn out here to see Weston walk. He was a miserable-looking object, covered from the crown of his head to his feet with dust and mud. He would lay himself down prostrate on the road, his face in the dust, and with his finger would make a mark in front of his head on the ground, then he would rise and put his toes in that mark, and down he would go again flat and at full length, make another line, rise, and put his toes in that, and so on for the weary hours of the day. When tired out he would make a mark on the side of the road, that he could safely find next morning, and then return with the crowd to the last village which he had passed, where he would be fêted and honored, and next morning would return to his mark and renew his weary way. I could not find out how much progress he usually made; it must have been very slow work, certainly less than one mile per day—and what weary months of hard

toil lay between him and Benares is apparent. These wretches thus choose and voluntarily lay upon themselves penalties that no government on earth would venture to inflict upon its most hardened criminals.

The outside world is not generally aware that even women have occasionally joined the ranks of these ascetics, but Bholonath Chunder verifies the fact and says: "Between the unpretending Brahman scholar and the ostentatious Sunnyassee there is a marked difference. The latter is all exterior, with his matted locks, his skeleton body, his tiger-skin garment, his trident and tongs, and his rosary of beads. The Sunnyassee pretends to personate *Siva*; the Bhoynubbee—female Fakir—pretends to personate *Sacti*. The latter takes a vow of celibacy, and is a Roman vestal or Catholic nun under another disguise. Very often she is animated by a sincere and enthusiastic spirit of devotion. But the frailty of the sex many times predominates over the fidelity of the votary. The young and pretty Bhoynubbee is not thought to be very steadfast to her professions. Happily, both Sunnyassees and Bhoynubbees are fast going out of vogue. It is now rare to see a woman who has renounced all pleasures, all property, all society, and all domestic affections, to pass on from city to city with a vermillion spot on her forehead, a cloth of dull orange on her body, a long trident in one hand, and a hollow gourd in the other. Hindoo female ambition is not exercised now to distinguish itself by sutteeism or a life of abstinence. Even this is progress, for which we are grateful.

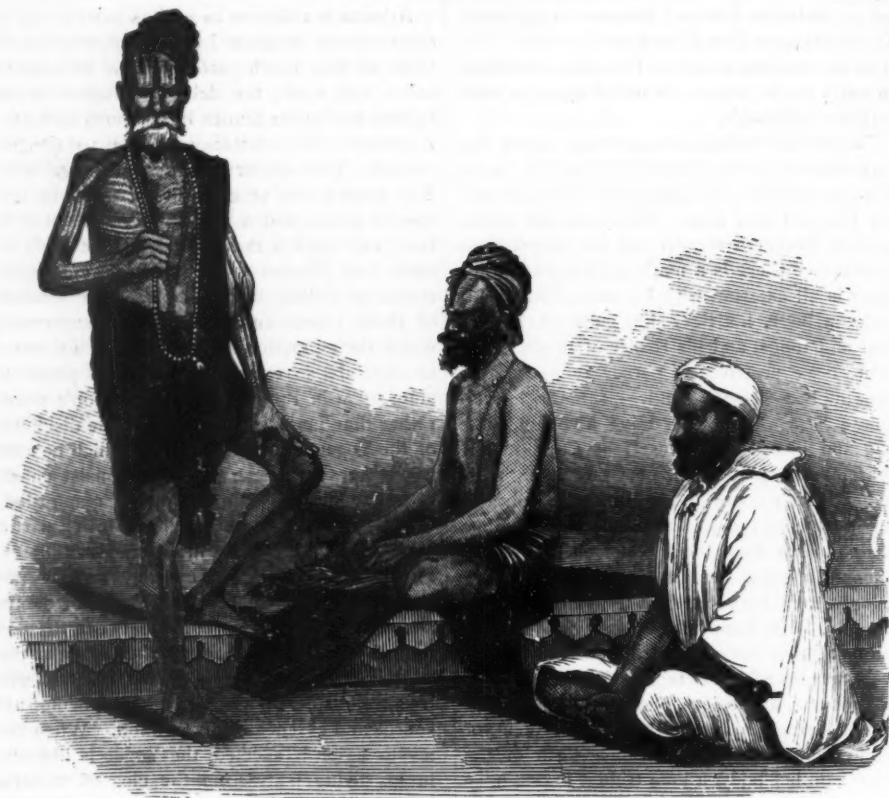
There is a further aspect of this subject, and one so singular and serious that the reader will be as much surprised at the alleged Divine law which requires it, as the sole and only path to moral purity and ultimate perfection, as she will be that men have ever been found who would undertake to conform themselves to the amazing and whimsical discipline by which it is to be attained. We may talk of self-denial and cross-bearing, but did the history of human endurance ever present any thing equal to the requirements of the following teachings?

In all the wide range of Hindoo literature it is conceded that there is nothing so sublime, and even pure, as the disquisitions contained in the *Bhagvat Geeta*—The Song of the Lord. This book is an episode of the celebrated *Mahabharata*, and consists of conversations between the divine Krishna—the incarnate God of the Hindoos, in his last *avatar*, or descent to earth in mortal form—and his favorite pupil, the valiant Arjoona, commander-in-chief of the Pandoo forces.

Arjoona is religious as well as heroic, and in deep anxiety to know by what spiritual discipline he may reach perfection and permanent union with God; the deity undertakes to enlighten and guide him in instructions of which I present the substance in the paragraphs quoted. The reader will bear in mind that *Yog* means the practice of devotion in this special sense, and a *Yogee* is one devoted to God, and such a man is the highest style of saint that Hindoo theology, or its *Patanjala* school of philosophy can know. The demands of these tenets and the amazing supremacy which their practice confers on such a devotee as this, are so extraordinary that I prefer to state them in Professor H. H. Wilson's words rather than my own. Describing the discipline of the Yogee and the exaltations which he aims at, he says: "These practices consist chiefly of long-continued suppressions of respiration; of inhaling and exhaling the breath in a particular manner; of sitting in eighty-four different attitudes; of fixing their eyes on the top of the nose and endeavoring, by the force of mental abstraction, to effect a union between the portion of vital spirit residing in the body and that which pervades all nature, and is identical with *Siva*, considered as the supreme being, and source and essence of all creation. When this mystic union is effected, the Yogee is liberated in his living body from the clog of material incumbrance, and acquires an entire command over all worldly substance. He can make himself lighter than the lightest substances, heavier than the heaviest; can become as vast or as minute as he pleases, can traverse all space, can animate any dead body by transferring his spirit into it from his own frame, can render himself invisible, can attain all objects, become equally acquainted with the past, present, and future, and is finally united with *Siva*, and consequently exempted from being born again upon earth. The superhuman faculties are acquired, in various degrees, according to the greater or less perfection with which the initiatory processes have been performed."

To assist the reader in more fully comprehending the teaching of this unique method of reaching "the higher life," as practiced by the most sincere and yearning of India's religious mendicants, I present a faithful sketch of one of the most celebrated of the Yogee order, whom, during my residence in India, I have seen in Delhi.

The Yogee is the central figure. The Fakir standing is his attendant, the man to the right is one of the Yogee's devotees or worshipers, come to pay him the usual homage, expressed



A YOGEE, OR SILENT SAINT OF INDIA.

by his clasped hands. The picture is from a photograph.

The saint is silent, engaged in the meditation and abstraction the rules of which we are going to present. His body is daubed with ashes till he looks as if covered with leprosy, and the red marks are on his forehead, as they are on the face, and breast, and arms of his attendant. He holds no converse with mortal man, nor has he done so for years. The Governor-General of India might pass by, but he would not condescend to look at him, nor deign a word of reply were he to speak to him. He is supposed to be dead to all things here below, and to have every sense and faculty absorbed in the contemplations enjoined in the following words of the Deity:

Krishna says to Arjoona, "The man who keepeth the outward accidents from entering his mind, and his eyes fixed in contemplation between his brows; who maketh the breath to pass through both his nostrils alike in expiration and inspiration; who is of subdued faculties, mind, and understanding, and hath set his

heart upon salvation; and who is free from lust, fear, and anger, is forever blessed in this life, and being convinced that I am the cherisher of religious zeal, the lord of all worlds, and the friend of all nature, he shall obtain me and be blessed."

"The Yogee constantly exerciseth the spirit in private. He is recluse, of a subdued mind and spirit; free from hope and free from perception. He planteth his own seat firmly on a spot that is undefiled, neither too high nor too low, and sitteth on the sacred grass which is called Koos, covered with a skin and a cloth. There he whose business is the restraining of his passions, should sit with his mind fixed on one object alone, in the exercise of his devotion for the purification of his soul, keeping his head, his neck, and body steady without motion, his eyes fixed on the point of his nose, looking at no other place around. The peaceful soul released from fear who would keep in the path of one who followeth God, should restrain the mind, and fixing it on me depend on me alone. The Yogee of a humbled mind, who thus con-

stantly exerciseth his soul, obtaineth happiness incorporeal and supreme in me."

"A man is called devout when his mind remaineth thus regulated within himself, and he is exempt from every lust and inordinate desire. The Yogee of a subdued mind thus employed in the exercise of his devotions is compared to a lamp, standing in a place without wind, which waveth not. He delighteth in his own soul, where the mind, regulated by the service of devotion, is pleased to dwell, and where, by the assistance of the spirit, he beholdeth the soul. He becometh acquainted with that boundless pleasure which is far more worthy of the understanding than that which ariseth from the senses; depending upon which, the mind moveth not from its principles; which having obtained, he respecteth no other acquisition so great as it; in which depending, he is not moved by the severest pain. This disunion from the conjunction of pain may be distinguished by the appellation Yog, spiritual union or devotion. It is to be obtained by resolution, by the man who knoweth his own mind. When he hath abandoned every desire that ariseth from the imagination, and subdued with his mind every inclination of the senses, he may, by degrees, find rest; and having by a steady devotion fixed his mind within himself, he should think of nothing else. Wheresoever the unsteady mind roameth he should subdue it, bring it back, and place it in his own breast. Supreme happiness attendeth the man whose mind is thus at peace; whose carnal affections and passions are thus subdued; who is thus in God and free from sin. The man who is thus constantly in the exercise of the soul, and free from sin, enjoyeth eternal happiness, united with Brahm the supreme. The man whose mind is endued with this devotion, and looketh on all things alike, beholdeth the supreme soul in all things, and all things in the supreme soul. He who beholdeth me in all things, and beholdeth all things in me, I forsake not him, and he forsaketh not me. The Yogee who believeth in unity, and worshipeth me present in all things, dwelleth in me in all respects, even while he liveth. The man, O *Arjoona*, from what passeth in his own breast, whether it be of pain or pleasure, beholdeth the same in others, is esteemed a supreme Yogee."

"The *Yogee* who, laboring with all his might, is purified of his offenses, and after many births is made perfect, at length goeth to the supreme abode. The *Yogee* is more exalted than *Tapaswees*, those zealots who harass themselves in performing penances; respected above the learned in science, and superior to those who are at-

tached to moral works; wherefore, O *Arjoona*, resolve thou to become a *Yogee*. Of all *Yogees*, I respect him as the most devout who hath faith in me, and who serveth me with a soul possessed of my spirit." (*Bhagvat Geeta*, pp. 46-51.)

Such is the clearest instruction and light that heathenism can give to aid the poor anxious heart that is feeling after God and purity. If this is their light, what must the darkness be! Not many members of this Yogee sect are thus stationary. Most of them move about among the people, and assume rights, and make demands for homage and reverence of the most imperious kind, while some of them dare, in view of their supposed sanctity and superiority to all external considerations, to hold themselves above obedience to law or the claims of common decency. I have myself seen one of them in the streets of Benares, when crowded with men and women, in the middle of the day, a man evidently over forty years of age, as naked as he was born, walking amid the throng with the most complete shamelessness and unconcern. And if it were not for the fear of the English magistrate's order and whip, instead of once in a while, hundreds of these "naked philosophers" would scandalize those streets every day in the year, and "glory in their shame."

It was one of these men sitting thus naked, filthy, and supercilious, upon the steps of the Benares Ghat, receiving the homage and worship of the people, that drew from Bishop Thomson that strong remark which made such an impression upon those who heard him utter it. I conducted him to other scenes, the nature of which he has but barely intimated, but all the natural and legitimate fruit of the system sustained by the profession and privileges of these self-righteous and insolent harpies who, under the names of *Yogees*, *Fakirs*, etc., have dragged their country down to that deep degradation, where sensuality is deified, and men and women are taught and trained to be religiously wicked.

The number of persons in these various orders all over India must be immense. D'Herbelot, in his *Bibliothèque Orientale*, estimates them at 2,000,000, of which he thinks 800,000 are Mohammedan *Fakirs*, and 1,200,000 Hindoo *Fakirs*. Ward's estimate seems to sustain this. But the influence of the British Government and its laws, the extension of education and missionary teaching, are fast tending to the reduction of the number by lowering the popular respect for the lazy crew that have so long consumed the industry of the struggling people.

The expense of supporting them even at the lowest estimate—say two rupees per month for each Fakir—involves a drain of \$12,000,000 per annum upon the industry of the country—a sum far beyond what is contributed for the support of all the Christian clergy in the United States. But that is only a single item of what their religion costs the Hindoos. Before this come the claims of the regular priesthood, then the Brahmans, then the astrologers, encomiasts, etc., and then the beggars, which the system creates—and Ward says they, with the Fakirs, make up in Bengal about one-eighth of the population—all of whom are consumers, none of them producing any thing for the public support, nor doing one stroke of work to benefit any body; millions of men year after year sponging upon their fellows, and engendering the ignorance, the superstition, the vice, the mendicity, and sycophancy that necessitates a foreign rule in their magnificent land as the only arrangement under which the majority could know peace, and be safe in possession of the few advantages which they enjoy. Truly heathenism—and above all, Hindoo heathenism—is an expensive system of social and national life for any people. Error and vice do n't pay, even on economical grounds. They are dearer far than are truth and virtue under any circumstances.

Welcoming to their ranks as they did every vagabond of ability who had an aversion to labor, before the introduction of British rule, these Fakirs, under pretense of pilgrimages, used to wander over the country in bands of several thousands, holding their character as so sacred that the civil power dared not take cognizance of their conduct. So they would often lay entire neighborhoods under contribution, rob people of their wives, and commit any amount of enormities. In Dow's *Ferishta*, Vol. III, there is a singular account of a combination of them, 20,000 strong, raising a rebellion against the Emperor Aurungzebe, selecting as their leader an old woman named Bistemia, who enjoyed a high fame for her spells and her great skill in magic art. The Emperor's general was something of a wit. He gave out he would resist her incantations by written spells, which he would put into the hands of his officers. His proved the more powerful for a good reason—a battle, or rather a carnage, ensued, in which the old lady and her Fakir host were simply annihilated. Aurungzebe met his general, and, the historian tells us, had a good laugh with him over the success of his "spells." Even as late as 1778 these militant saints thought themselves strong enough to measure

swords with English troops, attacking Colonel Goddard in his march to Herapoor. But the Colonel, though far more merciful than the Mohammedan general, taught them, by the sacrifice of a score of their number, they had better let carnal weapons alone; and though still saucy enough to the weak, they have ceased to act together in masses, or carry a worse weapon than a club in their peregrinations.

Usually each Fakir has a religious relation to the high-priest of some leading temple, and to him he surrenders some portion of the financial results of each tour at its termination. In view of this fact they claim free quarters in all the temples which they pass. Their wide range of intercourse tends to make them well acquainted with public affairs. They hear all that is going on, and know the state of feeling and opinion, and communicate to their patron priests the information which they gather as they go.

Unlike the beggars, they do not feign disease or misery to draw out your liberality; they demand the contributions of the people as a right—to be given, not from compassion, or charity, or the love of God, but as a religious offering for the benefit of him who bestows it, and more especially in view of their holy character, and the vicarious power of blessing or cursing which they are supposed to possess. They have a bold front, and will give you to understand that it might be dangerous to displease them.

Romanism has borrowed largely from heathenism, but what are candid men to think of a system which can and does still adopt the rôle of unprincipled vagabonds like these to accomplish her purposes? Her missionaries assume their character, don their livery, wear their badges, and trick themselves out in their paint, and crosiers, and robes. They thus live and act a lie in the concealment of character and the compromise of truth in order to make their proselytes.

Romish missions have long been open to this fearful charge to which they have been led by their fatal principle of accommodation. The Jesuit missionaries adopted the dress and habits of the Bonzes in China, and of the Fakirs and Yogees in India. It is enough to name Robert de Nobilibus in this connection. Swartz, in 1771, one hundred years ago, was scandalized by meeting the Romish missionary in South India, dressed in the style of the pagan priests, wearing their yellow robe, and having like them a drum beaten before him. It is just the same in 1871. Only last month, at the Wesleyan Missionary Anniversary in London, the Rev.

W. O. Simpson, of South India, uttered the following words :

"Now, of all these, my European brethren and my native brethren—for it has been my pleasure to meet, and work, and travel, and sleep with European and dark brethren for many years—I can say this, you will never find in them any concealment of character. I was going along a road in Trichinopoli when I saw something coming toward me, a biped astride of something else, and this something else we call in the native language a tattoo, from the villainous habit it has of knocking its back knees together. It is an animal not good enough to be a pony, and not quite bad enough to be a donkey. I said to myself, I want to have a good look at you, and I advanced into the middle of the road, so that this object might pass between me and the wall. And as he came by that object flashed with, I hope, honest shame. It was something which made his cheeks red. His face was as white as mine, but he wore the badge of one who has sworn devotion to Siva, and on his shoulder was the robe of one who has sworn devotion to that god, and round his neck was the official rosary, the technical rosary of the Sivite, and in his hand there was a crosier, the serpentine staff of a Gooroo or Sivite teacher. Yet that man who passed me had a face as white as mine; he was a Jesuit missionary, and he was going to angle for souls in the name of the Prince of Truth with all the trappery, and trickery, and trumpery of a compromise of the truth. Before I met him that morning I had been saying to myself, I wonder if I can get any nearer to these people, they are so cold and so thoughtful, they look at you with such a telescope, and they keep you such a long way off, I wonder if I could not get any nearer; and I had serious thoughts of taking off my brown holland coat and waistcoat, and throwing away my wide-awake hat—although that might have had a material influence on my intellect—and wearing a turban. But when I saw him that morning I felt my own Bible under my arm, and I said, Lord Jesus, forgive me for thinking that I could do this work with any kind of lie in my lips or in my hand. Just half an hour after, I was sitting in a large class of twenty-six, all Brahmans, sons of the very priests of the temple, who were reading with me in a kindly and in a loving spirit the history of the Lord Jesus Christ, and I said to myself, I would rather have one soul won in this way than 500 won in that way. This keeps us clear of any appearance of collusion, which certainly would be to some extent to our prejudice. I remember


preaching in the streets of Manargudi, and I had referred to idolatry, when some man came forward and said, 'Sir, I have a question to ask.' 'What is it?' I said. 'What business have you,' said he, 'to preach against idols?' 'My dear friend,' I said, 'an idol is nothing in the world.' He said, 'Why, they are in your own temples.' 'No,' I said, 'they are not.' 'But,' said he, 'I have seen them.' 'No,' I said, 'you have not.' 'Why, sir,' said he, 'can't I believe my own eyes?' 'No,' I said, 'you can not.' There was very near to him a shop-keeper who had heard many sermons from me; and I had often wondered whether he had any heart beneath his oleaginous sides or not. I listened with some anxiety to hear what he would say. This man turned round to the shop-keeper and said, 'Did you ever hear such a gentleman as that in your life? He says I can not believe my own eyes.' The shop-keeper said, 'And you can not.' 'Now,' said he, assuming the dignified, 'where do you come from?' 'O,' said the other, 'I come from so and so.' 'Ah,' said the shop-keeper, 'any body could tell you were a country side man. Where did you see these idols?' 'O,' said he, 'I saw them in the little temple on the other side of the river.' That was a little Jesuit chapel. 'Ah,' said the shop-keeper, 'did I not tell you you were a man from the country side? For any body but a provincial would know these'—pointing to my colleague and myself—'are not those.' He went on to say, 'Do n't you know those are our little brothers? these are no relations.' I am thankful that in our Indian work we stand so plain and clear from every kind of compromise that even there the heathen are beginning to understand that 'these' are not 'those.' Why, Mr. Chairman, 'these' believe in an open Bible, 'those' in a closed one; 'these' believe in ministers that are no priests, 'those' believe in priests that are sacrificers; 'these' believe in the direct access of each particular soul to Christ, 'those' believe in mediators and mediatrixes many; 'these' believe in a pardon received direct from God, 'those' believe in one dropped from the five fingers of a priest, and paid for in money. I say again for my brothers, both black and white, when you help them and when you pray for them, you may be quite certain that there will be not only no concealment of character, but no compromise of truth."

Yes, the sagacious Hindoo was right in recognizing the Romish fraternity as his "little brothers," for the likeness is too manifest to be denied—their opinions, rites, usages, and morals are so nearly identical that it is needless to draw a distinction between them, and the only

hope lies in the deliverance of the people from the presence and influence of both, and the prevalence of a holy ministry and a holy Church that, under God, will instruct and save the sons and daughters of long-benighted India.

Already, by an honest "manifestation of the truth," by preaching that precious blood which alone gives purity and rest to the soul, we have commended our blessed Christianity to the consciences of some of the very classes here described, and others once equally hostile to it. Those who were formerly Moulvies, Brahmans, Pundits, Fakirs, Gurus, and even Pariahs, are to-day found not only in our India membership, but also in the ranks of our local and itinerant ministry, and concerning whom, as we look at "the hole of the pit whence they were digged," and realize what they once were, we can say, with adoring gratitude, "And such were some of you; but ye are washed, but ye are sanctified, but ye are justified in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God." Halleluah!

A VOICE IN THE WIND.

 UT in the open air, built of dry sticks and branches piled upon the ground, a promising fire snapped and sparkled, and over it hung a huge black kettle. No "noble red men" or dark-eyed gypsies gathered about it, however; only Joel, with his unmistakably Yankee face, was there, stirring the fire into a bright blaze with his long pole, before going indoors to announce that all was now ready for what Aunt Ann denominated "a soap bilin'." The little farm-house on the prairie had but three occupants that Autumn day—Milly, Letty, and Joel. Aunt Ann herself was off on an exploring expedition among the stores of the city, five miles away, having been lured by the persuasions of Uncle John, who was going, and of the three others who were not, into trusting herself to the great lumber wagon, and her soap-making to Milly. The latter risk caused her by far the greatest anxiety. She gave directions all the time she was putting on her shawl and tying her bonnet, all the time she was getting herself comfortably settled in the wagon, and when the cumbersome vehicle rolled away she "cast one longing, lingering look behind," and shouted out a parting injunction, only one word of which reached its destination—"potash."

"As if I would n't have remembered that," said Milly laughing, as she re-entered the house, and mounted a chair to search the high shelves of the old corner cupboard for the article mentioned. It came to light, and seating herself to

undo the package, she began to scan curiously the paper that formed the wrapping. It was part of an old fashion journal—an odd visitor for that out-of-the-way place—and an amused look flitted over the girl's face.

"Now, Letty, here's a chance to learn whether we are in the fashion or not. Just listen: 'The new style of over-skirts for this season.'"

"What season?" demanded Letty.

Milly turned her scrap of paper over, and surveyed it on all sides.

"Date torn off—no matter, it will answer just as well; it says this season, you know—'style of over-skirt long, and looped up at the sides.'"

Milly paused and glanced down at the immense apron she had donned. "Mine is long enough, I'm sure. It might be more ornamental looped up at the sides, but I'm afraid it would n't be so useful. O, here's something else we ought to know—'bands of ostrich feathers and swan's-down trim rich evening dresses of creamy white silk, or of light delicate colors.' Think of that. We shall have to look over our evening dresses right away, Letty."

"We shall find 'em wonderfully like our morning dresses when we do," responded the practical Letty contentedly. "If I had a nice silk I should n't want it creamy or buttery either—any thing but greasy looking dresses for me."

Milly laughed. "There's no accounting for tastes. May be you would n't like to do your hair in a Pompadour roll either?"

"I never heard any thing about Pompey's door, and I do n't know whether it rolled, or swung on hinges like other people's," said Letty, depositing herself in the old straight-backed rocking-chair, and her basket of "quilt pieces" upon the floor beside her.

Milly laughed again—not quite so merrily this time, and a dreamy shadow began to eclipse the dancing light in her eyes. A vision rose before her of a world different from her own little one—a world all light, and music, and perfume, it seemed to her girlish fancy, where these soft dresses and beautiful laces fittingly belonged; a life all grace, beauty, and pleasure, into which no hard, coarse work, no dull, dry routine of every-day cares and duties ever came. Her own grew suddenly poor, common, and worthless in contrast.

"The kettle's hung, and the fire's burnin'," announced Joel, standing in the door-way.

Milly folded up the paper slowly, and as she did so her glance fell upon a paragraph quite distinct from those she had been reading. "These little incidents of our lives are not empty or meaningless; they hold each their lesson—some note of warning, comfort, or re-

proof, if we would look for it." The context had been torn away, so the simple assertion stood alone.

"I do n't know about it," commented Milly rather doubtfully, as she laid it aside.

"Do n't know about what?" asked Letty cheerily—"having swan's-down on your dress?"

Joel surveyed her attire questioningly. "What should they be down on it for? The old turkey gobbler might n't like that red shawl, but I did n't know swans cared what any lady wore," he remarked with a puzzled expression.

"O, it's something to trim dresses with," laughed Letty.

And Joel, muttering in genuine boyish disgust, that he "did n't know nothin' about such humbugs," turned on his heel and walked out of doors again.

Milly tied a sun-bonnet of no small dimensions over her brown braids, and slowly followed him. She liked being out in the open air, and she rather enjoyed the morning's occupation with the gypsyish aspect given to it by the fire out of doors, and the great kettle swinging above it—at least she would have done so usually, but any charm there might have been about it had vanished now, and left it nothing but dull prosaic work. It was very quiet and still there, with only the strip of woods at the left, and the broad prairie stretching to the right. The rustling of the few dead leaves that still clung to the trees, and the sweeping of the low wind through the prairie grass, were almost the only sounds that came to her. There was a weird, sad music in them that she loved, but to-day it only awoke wild, vague wishes and longings—not for things really grand and noble, true and pure, such as it often seemed whispering of to Milly's listening soul, until she almost fancied she could hear in it the footsteps of the great army of brave, true-hearted, earnest workers who were blessing the world through all their day, and passing on into the light; and her heart grew strong, yet strangely tender in the resolve to be, in her own place, one of them. Such voices and visions from the wood, the changing sky, the lovely, lonely prairie, had ennobled and educated her unconsciously to herself, and taught her, little country girl as she was, the thought she sometimes breathed: "O, life is a grand, solemn, glorious thing!" But to-day—ah! to-day it was not so much of the *being* as of the *having* that she was thinking. Ease, elegance, luxury looked so very fair in the dim distance—why were they not hers? She glanced at her work, then down at her plain, dark dress and long apron, and pictured in her mood of discontent the

sharp contrast they would present to the soft, rich, graceful robes worn by other—"happier women," she called them, forgetting that these things to them, as her despised calico to her, were only the dress, not the life that with its rejoicing, sorrowing, struggling must still go on in either case. Joel had wandered into the woods and dragged back from thence an old dry log. Deciding that the fire did not need it immediately, he had seated himself upon it, and with elbows resting upon his knees, and chin between his palms, he was meditatively watching the blaze.

"Joel," said Milly suddenly—a little impatiently too, maybe, for he looked so calmly content—"Joel, do you ever wish for any thing more than you have—any thing different?"

The boy pushed back his hat from his rough, light hair, and looked up at her with something of surprise in his gray eyes.

"Why, yes, of course I do; who do n't? Wish I could go a fishin' lots of times when I have to work, and wish I had a horse all of my own, so I need n't walk two miles to the school-house in Winter—if you mean that kind of thing."

Something in Milly's face said that she did not, and Joel partly understood its expression.

"O, about what I'd like to do and be sometime, a good while from now? I tell you," said Joel, straightening himself up on his log, and thrusting his hands into his pockets, while a sudden enthusiasm lighted up his freckled, sun-burned face, "I mean to have a farm some day that'll be worth thinkin' about. I won't have any old tumble-down barns and fences on it, and horses and cows that look as though they had to work themselves to death to get a livin'. This prairie land is first-rate for farmin'—father says so—and when I'm a man I mean to have a place that'll be a place, you'd better believe; have the best of stock on it, and raise the best of every thing—that's what I want."

"Just the old life over again; he cares for nothing else," Milly thought, but aloud she said, "It will be hard work."

"Why, yes, it'll be that, to be sure," answered Joel, viewing the fact in somewhat the same way that a valiant warrior might survey some formidable fortress he had resolved to take—with an appreciation of its difficulties that was almost admiring, and which awoke only stronger desire and more determined courage. "There's easier lives than farmin', I s'pose, but I do n't know as they're any better, and, any way, I like it."

That little word *better* might mean a great deal. Milly did not care to sound its depths

just then, and so was silent. No, her cousins did not feel as she did. Joel did not, Letty could not, she was sure, sitting indoors so contentedly, and sewing her pink and blue patches together in blissful unconsciousness that there was such a thing as a happy blending of colors. It was quite as well for her, too, since most things that came into their lives were arranged after very much the same fashion, Milly mentally added, as she stirred vigorously the contents of her kettle.

However close an acquaintance soap may have with human hands, it evidently knows nothing of human hearts, for the great black boiler-ful "came" just as well that day under Milly's contemptuous care, as it could have done with all Aunt Ann's interest and watching. Joel swung the kettle again, replenished the fire, and drew closer to it, for the air seemed growing cooler. The clear, bright sunlight grew dimmer and more fitful after an hour or two, and finally vanished altogether, and the music of the wind in the grass and trees grew louder and more mournful.

"Milly," said Joel, at last, scanning the clouded sky, "I do n't believe we'd better keep the fire up any longer; I guess there's goin' to be a storm"—a prediction that seemed likely to be speedily verified, for even as he spoke it grew still and darker, and the wind swept toward them in a stronger gust.

"It's well you're in," said Letty, looking up as they entered the house. "I was just coming to call you. Hope father and mother an't out anywhere."

Milly went and stood by the window, her favorite one that looked toward the distant city. On clear days she could see its tallest roofs and spires quite plainly, and on clear evenings catch the gleam of its far-off lights, and she loved to watch them, and dream of its people and their doings. But to-day the view was faint and dim, and she watched instead the sky, where great black clouds were piling up, and the broad sweep of prairie where the dying grass was bending and swaying in the wind, until stretching far away it seemed in its gray-green color and restless motion not unlike waves of the sea.

The wind rose rapidly, and was soon blowing in strong gusts, stripping the remaining leaves from the trees in the little grove, whirling down the dry branches, and rushing wildly around the house, and away on its unimpeded course across the open country, seeming after every moment's lull to gather fresh strength. Suddenly the sky changed to a peculiar greenish tint, and then, before the exclamation of surprise had left Milly's lips, a mighty, fearful blast came crash-

ing through the wood, breaking and twisting the trees, and making the little house shake and quiver as if it were trembling in an agony of fear before this strange, invisible power.

"O, dear, it's terrible!" said Letty, looking up with face grown slightly pale. "Seems to me I never heard it blow so!"

"Reg'lar tornado. It took some of the trees down that time, sure," answered Joel. "There it comes again!"

"I wonder," began Milly, but the sentence was left unfinished. Her head suddenly bumped against the window, then she was as suddenly thrown backward upon the floor, with a confused vision of Joel being hurled in'o a corner, Letty's work-basket, with its many-colored pieces, flying past her, chairs and tables whirling and tumbling, and a feeling that the whole house was being violently lifted and borne forward. There was a moment of fearful uproar, in which the crashing of boards, the rattling of furniture, Letty's wild shriek, and the roar of the wind were all blended. Then all grew still—the rocking, tossing motion ceased.

Joel picked himself up slowly—a little unsteadily.

"Girls, are you hurt?" he asked as soon as he recovered his breath.

"O, dear! an't we killed?" exclaimed the terrified Letty.

Milly sat up, dizzy and bewildered, and drew her hand across her forehead in an effort to recall her scattered senses.

"We must get out of this; 't won't do to stay here," said Joel quickly, pushing his way over stove-pipe, clock, broken dishes, and overturned chairs to the door. "Hurry, girls, hurry!"

Frightened, bruised, trembling, they hastened after him, and following where he led they sought safety on the open prairie, where a little hillock partly sheltered them from the wind, as they crouched close upon the grass. Excepting slight bruises, all had escaped uninjured, which seemed almost miraculous when they recovered composure and courage to look about them a little, and discovered that the house had been carried over fifty yards from its original site. A small portico and Summer kitchen had been torn away, but the main body of the building had just been lifted and borne off to its present resting-place, and it was still right side up.

"The barn's standin' yet; can't see as it's hurt a bit. I'm glad of that!" said Joel, raising his head for a momentary survey over the embankment. The rain began to fall presently, and as it did so, the wind gradually subsided. The fury of the gale was past, but out on the dreary, open plain, chilled and wet, shivering

partly from cold and partly from fear and excitement, the girls felt forlorn and miserable enough.

"I'm goin' back to the house again," announced Joel, after a few moments of silent cogitation.

"O, no, do n't!" exclaimed Letty in terror. "I'm sure it must be all shaken loose, and it may just fall in on your head. Do n't go near it."

"I do n't believe it is. Any way somebody'll have to find out, and it might as well be me as any one. I'll look 'round and see, and then come and tell you, 'cause we can't stay here, you know."

He was just the same Joel that had been Milly's assistant and fire-builder a few hours before—a sun burned, rough-haired, half-grown boy, with a wonderful propensity for dropping his g's and disregarding grammar; but he was something above and beyond all that in Milly's eyes, as he walked away. He examined the house carefully outside first, but it appeared tolerably firm and sound, and in no state of falling to pieces. Inside he discovered nothing more dangerous than some broken windows and fallen plastering, and so, after a short time, he returned with a favorable report, and persuaded the girls to venture under the old roof once more.

"But if the wind should come again?" suggested Letty, pausing fearfully on the threshold.

"Why, Letty, the gale's over for this time—you can see that yourself; and it an't likely we'll have two such in one day. I do n't believe it'll rain very long, either," Joel urged, and Letty re-assured entered and looked about her.

"O, dear, what a home-coming it'll be for father and mother!" she said, and that remark set them all busily to work to put the place in such order as they could. Whole dishes were restored to their places on cupboard shelves, broken ones were thrown away, fractured table legs received such surgery as the state of affairs would admit, and beds and clothing were restored as nearly as possible to their wonted condition. The loss of a few window-panes was supplied with old hats and shawls—after the manner of the drunkards' houses in temperance stories—and the littered floors cleanly swept. Then, when Joel had succeeded in getting the stove into what he called "running order" again, and a bright fire gleaming from its open doors, the house presented a more cheery, home-like aspect than they could have believed possible a little while before.

The clearing up indoors was scarcely accomplished before there was one without. The

clouds rolled away, and the afternoon sunlight, bright and warm, smiled down on the earth untroubled by any changes that had been wrought in his absence. The human absentees, journeying homeward in the lumber wagon, would have been more dismayed, but for Joel who met them at some distance from the house, and reiterated his assurances that all were well before he told there had been any danger.

Such a "talking it over" as there was that evening! How every body felt during the storm, what they thought was going to happen, how it did n't, and what they would have done if it had, were all duly discussed. It seemed to Milly, watching the firelight shine on the familiar faces and lighting up the old room, that home was pleasanter, even in its present dilapidated condition, than she had ever thought it before; and listening to Aunt Ann's motherly expressions of gratitude that all were safe, and Uncle John's cheerful, hopeful view of his losses, she thought their life not so coarse and hard but that it had room for much that was noble, courageous, and loving.

"It seems weeks since morning. What a day it has been!" said Letty as her head nestled on its pillow. "I'm thankful 't was no worse, though."

"I think," began Milly slowly, then paused. Something had reminded her of that passage read in the morning—that the incidents of lives are not meaningless—and she had a feeling that the day had not left her quite as it found her. But

"Thought is deeper than all speech,
Feeling deeper than all thought;
Soul to soul can never teach
What unto itself is taught,"

particularly if the other soul is like Letty's. Milly felt that she could not quite explain what she meant. "Letty is good as gold, but she would n't understand," she whispered to herself, and so left the sentence unfinished.

"What is it you think?" questioned Letty rather drowsily. "O, dear! I'm so tired—think what?"

"Only," answered Milly, hesitating a little, "that I know now about something that I said I did n't know this morning."

"O, the swan's-down on your dress," responded Letty sleepily.

THERE are three things which should be thought of by the Christian every morning; his daily cross, daily duty, and daily privilege; how he should bear the one, perform the second, and enjoy the third.

"FOUND DROWNED."

THEY brought her up from the river ooze,
And laid her down on the reeking wharf;
With her draggled dress, and her tattered shoes,
And her bosom crossed by a faded scarf.

Such a fair young thing! A low, broad brow,
Shaded by chestnut sweeps of hair;
Long lashes clinging to cheeks of snow,
And hiding the sleep of a dumb despair;
Sweet, pale lips, with the pitiful pain
Of a grieved child's sharpened by something sadder,
That blotted the face like a dismal stain,
And made one wonder when it was gladder;
Slender hands hanging helplessly down,
The fingers taper, and white, and small,
With one dainty tip pricked rough and brown
By a needle's keen point—that was all!

All?—"Found drowned!—a woman, unknown!"
You read the notice, and so did I—
And they took her away to her grave alone,
And nobody cared as they bore her by—
Nobody cared, poor wasted life,
Gone out alone in its darkness and woe,
Facing the world in desperate strife,
And crushed in its mire like a flake of snow!

"A woman, unknown!" so the record stands,
To be read by the careless eyes of men,
And forgotten as if it were left on the sands
For the restless waves to wipe out again.

But I wonder when was she born, and where?
What did the years of her childhood bring her?
Was her sky blue, and her sunlight fair?
Were her flowers all roses? Did nettles sting her?
Were her feet light on the low, green slopes,
And through the cool aisles of the Summer woods?
Did she drink sweet dew from the opaline cups
Of the lilies asleep in their solitudes?
Could she hear what God said in the breathless hymn,
That stirred the weird shades of the plummy pines?
Did her heart grow full, and her eyes grow dim?
Did she feel the far real of types and signs?

Or was she born in some alley court,
Reeking with sin, and filth, and shame?
Was she her mother's joy or hurt?
Did the sun mean more than the street lamp's
flame?

Were her baby feet dimpled? or, did they lack
The pretty roundness of pink and white?
Did she play in the street with its grimy, black,
Uncanny creatures that hurt the sight?

Did any one kiss her? Had she a friend?
Had she a sister, or brother, or lover?
Did life seem sadder than that sad end?
Did she pray as the waters gurgled above her?
How came she there in that treacherous river?
Did she slip from the brink, or leap out through
the black?

What name was frozen in the pitiful quiver
Of those white lips? Did she care to come back?

Does n't any one miss her, now she is gone?
Is nobody sorry for not being kinder?
When she does n't come back as the long days go on,
Won't some one be seeking her, half crazed to find
her?

Poor little girl! Poor lost, thwarted life!
Was she nobody's "one little ewe lamb" to cherish?
Was she nobody's darling? nobody's wife?
Nobody's mother? How dreary to perish,
And leave not a trace of one to be wept over,
And kept in some memory like a rare blossom!
Dead! and put down with no lilies or clover
To spill their baptismal dew over her bosom!

O, it is sad! I am breaking my heart
Over this horrible dumbness of death,
That mocks at my seeking to know if some part
Of her life were not better than that drowned
beneath
The pitiless river! who knows, or can know?
Well, we can hope that, since God careth for
A hurt sparrow, he saw her, his arms lie below
The waters, and may be he cared for her more.

THY MISSION.

WHAT! have I a mission here, a place to fill,
Some work these hands of mine must do?
Must I arouse my tardy, slumbering will,
And bid my aimless life adieu?

What! may I no longer spend my days, my years,
In pleasure's sunny, joyous way,
Seeking to dry my own, and not another's tears,
If sorrow chance to cloud my day?

What is my work, and where the harvest field
Where I some sheaf may reap and bind?
Where shall I toil, so that a bounteous yield
Repay the labor of my mind?

"The world's the field." Thy work to-day may be
Some kind and gentle word to speak—
Some saddened heart to bid "look up," and see
Beyond the cloud the sunshine break.

Some little child with heart all crushed with woe,
May come to thee to soothe the pain;
Some larger child, all crushed with larger woe,
May seek thy sympathy to gain.

To-day thy lot may be to sow in tears,
And weeping, bind thy sheaf of grain;
To-morrow, vanished all thy needless fears,
Forever fled thy needless pain.

Then work to-day with courage strong and brave,
Nor deem thine efforts lost though weak;
The Master marks thine every act to save,
The feeblest of his flock to keep.

And he will keep thy name and record true,
Engraven in his "Book of Life;"
And when he has no more for thee to do,
He'll bid thee "come" from toil and strife.



DR. DOELLINGER.

DOELLINGER AND STROSSMAYER:

THE TWO LATEST ROMAN CATHOLIC REPROBATES.

DOCTOR DOELLINGER, for many years the acknowledged leader of the liberal wing of the Roman Catholic Church in Germany, has been publicly excommunicated by the Pope from its fold. This last exercise of Papal authority against a recalcitrant son came to pass about on this wise. The convocation of the Vatican Council in 1870 was the signal for new discontent throughout the length and breadth of the Roman Catholic communion. Père Hyacinthe, in Paris, was not the only one who saw in the coming Council true cause for alarm, knowing full well that every effort would be made by the Pope and his willing tools, the Jesuits, to impose new restrictions upon the whole Catholic body, so that there might be less room than ever for freedom of thought and action. Every liberal Catholic, however, looked to Germany for the leadership of the advanced section of the Church, and

they did not look in vain. For many years Dr. Doellinger, of the University of Munich, had been protesting against ultra Catholicism, and he never grew weary of demanding that it adapt itself to the different nations and to the growth of intelligence throughout the world; and he did this out of no sympathy whatever with Protestantism, but in the interest of Catholicism, for he believed that only in this way could it preserve its life and grow in strength and influence. Being himself an ardent member of the flock, he was desirous of doing all he could to secure and perpetuate its integrity. It was, accordingly, of a piece with his whole life that he should give timely alarm against the probable adoption by the Council of the dogma of Papal infallibility; but his protest did not prevent the act. When the dogma was adopted he did not blindly and tacitly acquiesce, but wrote and spoke against it with unwearied

diligence, never showing any bitterness, but proving with the logical skill and clear style that distinguishes all the fruits of his busy pen, how absurd and, in the end, void, would be the new offense to the common sense of every impartial man. Reprimand followed reprimand from Rome; then came vigorous threats; and now we hear the thunders of excommunication, with its whole great catalogue of woes, reminding one of the curse of the Cardinal of Reims, pronounced on the jackdaw which had been sacrilegious enough to steal the ring of his holiness. It ran thus, if we can believe the poet:

"The Cardinal rose with a dignified look,
He called for his candle, his bell, and his book.
In holy anger and pious grief,
He solemnly cursed that rascally thief!
He cursed him at board, he cursed him in bed;
From the sole of his foot to the crown of his head.
He cursed him in sleeping, that every night
He should dream of the devil and wake in a fright.
He cursed him in eating, he cursed him in drinking,
He cursed him in coughing, in sneezing, in winking;
He cursed him in sitting, in standing, in lying;
He cursed him in walking, in riding, in flying;
He cursed him living, he cursed him dying!
Never was heard such a terrible curse!
But what gave rise
To no little surprise,
Nobody seemed one penny the worse."

The probability is that nobody will be "one penny the worse" for the curse pronounced on this German jackdaw by the old man who now walks the Vatican garden and calls himself a prisoner.

But we must go back a little, for the whole life of such a man as Dr. Doellinger is a matter of public interest.

John Joseph Ignatius Doellinger was born at Bamberg, Bavaria, on the 28th of February, 1799. The family had long been distinguished for remarkable talents, and the father of young Doellinger was, in his day, celebrated throughout Germany as a physiologist, physician, and naturalist. His portrait and bust are frequently to be met with in the scientific cabinets of Bavaria. He was Professor in the University of Bamberg at the close of the last century and the beginning of the present, and was regarded, in consequence of his discoveries and writings, as a leading authority in various departments of natural science. The son, chiefly through his mother's influence, was destined for the study of theology, and this tendency was given to his early life. In the year 1822 he was consecrated a priest and appointed chaplain of Oberscheinfeld, a village in Bavaria. His natural desire led him to teaching, and in the following year he received an appointment as teacher in the Lyceum at Aschaffenburg, near Frankfort-on-the-Main. In 1826 he was elected

Professor of Church History and Church Law in the University of Munich, where he received immediately various honorary offices, and was nominated and appointed chief librarian of the University Library.

Dr. Doellinger soon attracted attention as professor because of the thorough and enchanting style of his lectures. His method was calm, argumentative, and abounding in surprises. A few years ago it was our privilege to be present at one of his lectures on Church history, and to note some of the characteristics of the man. He was in his element evidently when standing before the great audience of theological students, among whom one could easily perceive a goodly admixture of foreigners. His voice was very low, but yet clear, and audible at the end of the hall. He seemed to be just talking to two or three young friends on a subject which was uppermost in his mind, and which he seemed to think should be the same in theirs. From the way in which his liberal theology quietly exuded here and there, you would judge him to be one of those men with whom you can not talk ten minutes before seeing the very inmost heart, and without being warmed anew by his sympathy. If he had been lecturing on the Tower of Babel, there is not a doubt that he would have found some moment, some golden opportunity, to let fall a sentence or two in favor of bold and liberal thought, and of the largest freedom to the conscience. This he did abundantly when we listened to him, though his real subject was on English ecclesiastical history away back in the times of Archbishop Law. He read now from his manuscript and now spoke extemporaneously, if we remember aright; did not hurry; seemed utterly destitute of any thing like passion; was the very personification of sincerity and simplicity. He was clad in plain black, and there was not a stitch on him that would lead you to think him a priest, while every student before him had the tonsure, the black stockings, and the long black robe dangling about his feet. Awhile afterward, on the same day, we happened to pass him on the street, and had a nearer view of him than when listening to his lecture. His tall form was slightly bent; his face, now not kindled by the presence and light of his students, wore a sad expression, which was deepened by the lines that age had been making, but which we had not noticed before. Some of his features, especially the nose, had a Jewish cast. There was a blandness in his manner which could not fail to impress any one who observed him; there was probably not a man who walked along the beau-

tiful Maximilian-street in Munich that whole day, before whom the most diffident school-girl would have felt less hesitation in stopping to ask the time of day.

Going back to the year 1845, when Dr. Doellinger represented the University of Munich as a member of Parliament, we find him voting and speaking with the ultra Catholics. In due time he grew more mild in his thinking. His eyes were opened, and he resolved to share the fortunes of the liberals. His new works and addresses and lectures exhibited both the zeal of the convert and the learning of the scholar. From that time down to the present he has written a great many books, a number of them bearing directly against the ultra measures of the Pope and the Jesuits. Perhaps the most damaging product of his pen against the Ultramontanes, is one that was designed to combat their maneuvers in favor of the passage of the dogma of Papal infallibility, under the title of "The Pope and the Council," by Janus. It immediately passed through several editions in Germany, was translated into various languages, and immediately received the honor of the Pope's anathema. Who wrote the book? was a question asked throughout the civilized world, and yet without any immediate answer. It is now universally conceded that it was written by Doellinger, either word for word or was inspired by him. Many think the most pungent portions could not have been by any other pen. One of the most attractive of his smaller works, and one of his latest withal, is "The German Universities Formerly and Now," which appeared in 1866 in Munich. A review of it, embodying also the main contents, appeared in the New York Christian Advocate in the Summer of 1867.

Dr. Doellinger not being a bishop, and really more identified with the lay than the clerical classes, was, of course, not present at the Vatican Council. He had to content himself with staying at home and speaking and writing against its ultra measures. He has thoroughly divided the Catholic sentiment in Germany, and this division threatens now to spread to the farthest limits of the Catholic Church. His influence for Protestantism, though indirect, has been immeasurably great. So soon as he was made the object of Papal censure he began to receive encouragement at home, and from other quarters as well, in the shape of addresses from universities, gymnasia, and city corporations. Even the University of Rome has sent him a most flattering address, for which Pius IX has hurled anathemas at both the professors and students who have had a hand in it.

A word on Dr. Doellinger's home, the shop where this Vulcan forges his thunder-bolts. Like all Germans, he does not occupy a whole house, but only a story, well-to-do as he unquestionably is. His apartments are spacious, and have the air of quiet comfort, if comfort can be supposable in the home of the celibate. Here is a prayer-stool, embroidered by some admiring one, perhaps a nun; there you see a pot of flowers, with I. H. S. inscribed on it in gilt letters. He has twelve large rooms, nearly all of which are occupied by his immense library. With the exception of a few Englishmen, it is believed that Doellinger has the largest private library in Europe. He has certain sections of his books marked according to the countries whence he has derived them. "From Spain" are 1,003 volumes; "from France," 2,000; but far the greater number are from thinking and fighting Germany. He calls his books his "better half," and he spends nearly all his in-door hours before his great writing-desk. Every body receives a cordial, but not demonstrative, welcome, just as in other days at the doors of Montalembert and Lord Acton.

What Doellinger was at home, with pen in hand, during the Vatican Council, Bishop Strossmayer was in speech in the Council. He was the most outspoken and aggressive Catholic within the walls of Rome. It was thought that either Bishop Dupanloup, of France, or Schwarzenberg, of Austria, would lead the liberals, but the truth is that Strossmayer towered head and shoulders above even those two. He is the Bishop of Bothnia and Servia, and, though compelled by throat disease to withdraw for a time from active participation in the deliberations of the Council, he was enabled to attend during the latter part of the session, when he gave all the weight of his energy and eloquence against the Ultramontanes. He is a man of fine personal character, and has especially distinguished himself in the department of languages. His great influence on the Council, and his masterly eloquence in behalf of liberal Catholicism, have furnished a proof that, little as it could be expected, the Croats are susceptible of high intellectual development.

Joseph George Strossmayer, born in 1815, at Essek, the capital of Slavonia, was very poor, and had to fight against difficulties of every kind to acquire an education. His father, with all his poverty, endeavored to make a priest of him, and managed in one way or another to devise means for giving him the proper education. Young Strossmayer first visited the gymnasium of his native city, then studied in the Seminary of Djakovar, and afterward applied



DR. STROSSMAYER, BISHOP OF CROATIA.

himself to the study of theology and philosophy in the University of Pesth, where he finished his course by obtaining the degree of doctor of philosophy. His natural thirst for knowledge induced him to go to Vienna, the capital not only in government but in literature, and there he attended a theological institution, from which he later obtained the degree of doctor of divinity. Having completed his studies in Vienna, he was called to the Professorship of Church History in the Seminary of Djakovar. Soon after this he was appointed Director of Studies in General, and Professor of Ecclesiastical Law in the Seminary in Vienna, where he had been a

student, a position which he filled to the satisfaction of the Catholics for four years.

Strossmayer's extraordinary talent, as well as devotion to the interests of Catholicism, not to forget the purity of his morals, drew upon him the attention of the chief ecclesiastical authorities of the empire, and, as soon as the Episcopal See of Slavonia was vacant, he was elected to fill it. He was at this time thirty-four years of age, but he was only installed into the office in the year 1856. Since then he has been elected Bishop of Bothnia and Servia, and has devoted himself unremittingly to the elevation of morals and the spread of knowledge through-

out his diocese. His office being very remunerative, and he being a man of simple tastes, he has been enabled to devote large sums of money to various benevolent and educational purposes. As there had been hitherto in Croatia and Slavonia no very high schools, he established the South Slavic Academy and University in Agram, applying to the purpose 100,000 gilders—\$50,000 gold. He also presented a library to the new institution. Since then he has applied other funds to the same establishment, amounting in round numbers to 700,000 gilders—\$350,000 gold.

Every year he has been in the habit of putting from fifty to sixty boys and young men into various educational institutions, and meeting all their expenses. In Djakovar he has built a fine Gothic cathedral at his own expense, and has had thirty-five magnificent frescoes painted upon the walls. He takes great pains to develop the talents of any boy or young man who has a taste for art or for any special branch of study. He is particularly fond of helping those who are inclined to painting, sculpture, or music. Many painters, sculptors, and musicians owe to him the means placed at their disposal by which they have been enabled to attain a high rank in their profession. It is said that the noted singers—Wallinger, of Munich, and Paulka, of Vienna—both originally from Agram—owe their success solely to him. As already intimated, Strossmayer lives very plainly, but he is celebrated for his generous hospitality. Throughout the country where he lives it is customary to express the highest praise of a man's hospitality by saying, "He is as hospitable as Strossmayer." While his talents are very varied, but leaning mostly toward the languages, his culture is very general. He is very fond of Germany. He speaks both the German and French languages with great fluency. He speaks the Latin also, but with the peculiar accent of the educated men of South-Eastern Austria.

He is quite impressive in person. He is of middle stature, but has the appearance of great energy, determination, and remarkable executive power. He is said to look quite young, though his real age is now fifty-six. His features are of a pleasant cast. He has a high forehead, and his eye is full of life and spirit. He enjoys the confidence of the masses throughout his episcopal jurisdiction, and is unquestionably doing a great deal for the Catholic Church; that is, in the liberal sense in which he takes it, in Eastern Austria. The Croats always mention his name with pride, calling him, "Our Mæcenas."

The real ideas which he carried into the

Council were, that the Pope is not infallible; that there is no argument from the past or present in favor of such a view; that Rome should not pretend to direct the world, but that Catholicism should be left to adapt itself to the people and locality where it is; that it should be divested of its superstition, shake off its old fancies, and become a thing of the practical present. Of course, such a man is not in favor with the Pope of Rome and his party, and, therefore, the Ultramontanes do not find language strong enough to express their hostility to him. His great speech in the Council for liberal measures made a more profound impression than any other delivered during the session. His voice was one of the few that could be heard; so ill-adapted was the hall for public speaking that almost no speaker was audible a whole sentence through.

We shall await with interest his course at home. That he *thinks* and *feels* as Doellinger does, nobody doubts. But will the golden baits of Rome stifle his conscience, or will he still lift up his voice with that of Doellinger in the same cause of Catholic reform? These two men may not be of the stuff that Luther was made of, but, without a doubt, in all the Catholic Church there are no two men who make such a near approach to it. Heaven strengthen their hands and cheer their hearts!

IRISH SCENES AND LEGENDS.

FROM CORK TO KILLARNEY.

"What is so sweet as a day in June,
When Heaven tries the earth if she be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays?"

THE earth seemed in perfect tune to us that lovely day in June, when we beheld for the first time the rare, green shores of Ireland. Days of fog, of disturbed elements within and without, were succeeded by the quiet beauty of the brightest sunshine and the greenest shores. It may have been the sudden transition from the monotony of the sea, or it may have been the poetic charm which legends heard in childhood had given to the shores of Erin, but certainly no beauties of scenery ever afforded truer enjoyment than that experienced in the two hours' sail upon the picturesque River Lee. On either side of its banks are villas whose terraced gardens seem hanging one above another, from the river's brink to the soft sky. The stream itself is a succession of lakes, unfolding constantly new beauties.

Seeing so much of Irish life in the cities of our own land, we are accustomed to associate with Cork the characteristics of the poor emi-

grants who rouse either our pity or amusement. But there is much to interest the visitor in the city and its surroundings. Of course, none would pass by Blarney Castle without at least an effort to be made irresistible through the magic of its famous stone.

To enjoy Irish scenery to the fullest extent the railroad train must be abandoned, and the jaunting-car on the fine post-roads must be chosen. The Irish jaunting-car is a peculiar institution. Its arrangements, its driver, and the sensations in riding are peculiar, the novelty of the situation adding greatly to the pleasure of this mode of traveling.

It was a party of four, bent upon making the most of an occasion, who found themselves ranged upon one side of a car for the ride from Macroom to Killarney, a distance of eighty-four miles. We do not say we were inside of the car, for the usual order is here reversed, and the baggage is stored inside, while the passengers occupy a sort of *shelf*, on either side of the conveyance, a leather strap passing in front for protection against a fall.

From Macroom to Killarney is one of the most interesting of routes. The road is smooth, broad, and finely graded. Part of the distance it runs between green hedges, and again it rises over mountains fifteen hundred feet in height, and passes under tunnels where the secret springs of the mountains reveal themselves in trickling rivulets. Hundreds of huts are passed, distinguishable from heaps of stone only by the smoke issuing from them; destitute of chimney, window, or door, an aperture at the side constituting all of these. Occasionally the little church with a plain wooden cross is seen, and small school-houses at wide intervals give a gleam of hope for the uplifting of the people, if uplifting there can be where priestly rule holds sway. Objects of pity are many. Sightless, lame, and diseased creatures throng the way; but not the least sad sight are the healthy boys and girls who crowd around the carriage of the passer-by to beg for a ha'penny. Happy America, to know no such sights as these! To hear through her villages the sound of the bell calling her children to a better way of knowledge if not of religion!

Ireland has two lives—one the reality of oppression and poverty, the other the ideal of romance and superstition. Looking at the withered faces and tattered garments—if the poor apology may be called a garment—of the Southern peasantry, hearing their plaintive appeal for “a ha'penny for the love of God,” one can scarcely believe there had ever been place for the dream of romance where fact is so stern

and repulsive. But even in the petition of the beggar the native poetry appears: “Dear lady, give something to the poor man who can not see, if your face is lovely as your voice,” was the touching plea of a sightless man in rags, and if the purse respond to their pleading, many and fervent are the blessings invoked upon the head of the donor. Ireland is so full of romance and legend that one can scarcely sit upon her green sward anywhere without expecting to hear the footfall of a fairy, or to see a specter king walk out from behind hill or tree. It must be that our natal day fell on a Sunday, or else that the elves especially favored us as strangers in their native land, for we certainly saw them swinging on the leaflets, and heard them whispering in the grass as we sat resting by a delicious spring near the roadside; in the pass of Keinan Eigh. What could have made the tiny blades tremble so delicately all around us, or what rippled the face of the laughing spring as we looked into it, or what made the cuckoo's voice speak so right to our hearts, if the fairies had not given him a message to us from home? Pity the little creatures should ever be frightened away by life's material necessities. Our trysting was invaded by the rumbling wheels of our jaunting-car; we resumed our way, but it was not our last meeting with the fairies.

At Glengariffe, on Bantry Bay, a modest country inn, with floors bare but scrupulously clean, received us for the night. Here, for the first time, we awoke to the beauty of the Irish twilight. The lookout, a rock at the summit of a hill, affords a charming view of the bay. Here we sat and watched the shadows in the moonlight steal over the water, defining more and more sharply the outline of rock, hill, and castle in the wave, dreaming as one only can dream in the twilight, until we were reminded that ten o'clock had come. The twilight had beguiled us; and never, while we lingered amid Irish or Scotch scenes, could we accustom ourselves to the fact that the day departing lingered almost till the greeting of the incoming morning.

Another delightful day's journey—during which we passed through Kenmare, the place of residence of the historian, Froude—brought into view the lakes of Killarney. In the approach to them from Glengariffe on the east, they rise from amid the mountains a vision of beauty. No place in Ireland is more full of romantic interest than is the region of these lakes. What more natural to an imaginative nature than to attribute such lovely creations to the outbursting of an enchanted fountain? It is said that O'Donoghue, one of the ancient

chieftains of that realm, scorning the tradition that he should perish who dared to remove the cover from a certain fountain, carried it one evening away to his palace. His faithful subjects awaited the result in fear, except his favorite jester, who fled to a neighboring mountain. He, when the morning sun arose, beheld a sheet of water shining, where the day before the king and his subjects had dwelt. The men and women who peopled the lovely valley are said not to have perished, however. O'Donoghue still reigns over his faithful subjects beneath the waters. Every May morning he rides over the bosom of the lakes upon a white steed, fair maidens scattering flowers in his path, and filling the air with music that grows to thunder as it echoes among the hills. Such is the legendary origin of the lakes; we think, however, there was not less of poetry and more of truth in the hearty response of our guide, who, in reply to our exclamation of delight on first seeing them said, reverently, "Yes, there they are, ma'am, just as God Almighty made them."

Of the three lakes, interlinked by a silver thread of water called the Long Range, the Upper Lake is the first to come into view in the approach from Glengarriffe. It is encircled entirely by mountains, so that at first sight there appears to be no outlet from it. The rugged heights are thickly covered with foliage to their very summit. The arbutus grows here as nowhere else in Ireland, and though not beautiful when standing alone, it adds pleasing variety to other foliage. In the Autumn it is particularly attractive, being covered then with both fruit and flower. The fruit resembles in color the wild strawberry, and gives it the common name of strawberry-tree. Occasionally a rock, hard and bold, juts out from the mountain, where not even the clinging heather can find soil to cherish it; and by its side streams rush to the lake in foaming cascades of matchless beauty. These solitudes seem the fitting home for the spirits of legendary fame. The shadows sleeping upon the lake suggest their presence where the storm may at any moment awake them to conscious strength. One may readily imagine their moods to be very different in the storm and in the sunshine. Rising by the side of the Upper Lake, like the stronghold of a giant king, is the Eagle's Nest, a mountain eleven hundred feet in height, an object of special interest because of its wonderful echoes. As the little boat in which the excursion of the lakes is made, approaches the mysterious mountain, the bugler—should the tourist be American—sounds the notes of our national song. Then

far through the forest, over the crags, from the heart of the rocks, returns every note; clear, distinct, now near, then distant, as if a thousand bugles from our home over the sea had caught and prolonged the strain. A party of tourists, accompanied by one of our Bishops, once sung in this place the words,

"When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,"

and from the heights above every word came back with perfect distinctness, as if the voices of the skies had taken up the chorus.

It is impossible to listen to these echoes without investing the mountain with imaginary attributes of life. There seems an intelligence in the responses; the sounds at times almost die away, and suddenly, as if by another voice, are taken up and repeated with new emphasis. On the summit of this mountain the eagles have, for centuries, built their nests—hence the name.

Whether the following story belongs to legend or to history we can not say. It is related, however, that in the days when O'Donoghue dwelt in the castle whose ruin still stands upon the lake, being attacked by enemies, all the attendants of the castle fled, leaving the lady and her little son undefended. They were carried away by a faithful servant, and secreted in the mountain. In order to obtain food for them without discovery, the servant planned to rob the eagle's nest. In the absence of the eagle he descended by means of a cord into the eyrie, and secured the food she had provided for her young. In this way his lady and her boy were kept from famishing, until the chief and his band came to their rescue.

From the Long Range the waters rush under the old Weir Bridge in a foaming torrent, of which a poet, unknown to us, has aptly written,

"Shoot not the old Weir, for the river is deep,
The stream it is rapid, the rocks they are steep,
The sky though unclouded, the landscape tho' fair,
Trust not to the current, for death may be there."

Yet many a one does trust to the current, and the skillful boatmen are so accustomed to guide their little crafts between the rocks that there is very little real danger. Just beside the bridge is a romantic place known as the Meeting of the Waters. It is not that meeting of rushing streams which woke the muse of Thomas Moore, but a quiet union, expressing all that is beautiful and peaceful. Not far from this point, round a curve of the hills, is Glenna Bay, at the foot of Glenna Mountain. The name signifies the "Glen of Good Fortune," and it would seem that nature had indeed lavished great good fortune here. On the shore of the bay

the Lady Kenmare, who died many years ago, placed a charming cottage. It is built in rustic style with thatched roof, and is furnished inside with great simplicity and elegance. It is a favorite resort of the present Lady Kenmare, who frequently comes with a party of friends to enjoy the moonlight evenings upon the lake, and to sup in the cozy cottage.

Upon a peninsula in the Middle Lake stands Mucross Abbey. It is now the property of Mr. Herbert, M. P., who takes every care to preserve the beautiful ruin from decay. In accordance with the taste usually displayed by the monks of old, its site is the finest that could have been selected. The ruin consists of parts of the church and the monastery, both being yet so perfect that we seem to hear the tread of the monks in solemn procession round the cloister, and the notes of *Ave Maria* swelling through the arches. A church stood upon the same site years before the abbey was built. It was nearly destroyed by fire in 1192, and the abbey was placed there for the Franciscan monks by the M'Carthys, princes of Desmona, in the thirteenth century. Here are the tombs of the O'Connors, M'Carthys, and O'Donoghues, bearing the date of years far in the dim past, side by side with those of their descendants of quite recent date.

In the center of the cloister there stands a yew-tree, said to be the largest anywhere known. It was planted by the monks, and is said to be coeval with the abbey. If so, it has been stretching out its leaves to the sun, and tracing the years within its heart for six centuries. In the refectory of the monastery there is a fire-place, broad and hospitable, showing that though they had renounced worldly associations within these dim walls, the monks were not oblivious of all creature comforts, nor perhaps forgot the apostolic injunction to be "given to hospitality."

About a century ago a singular man named John Drake took up his abode in the abbey, and dwelt alone for eleven years. He spent his time in prayers and penance, and in the cultivation of a small garden. The great fire-place was his couch, whereon he slept without bed or covering. He became the object of superstitious interest to all the surrounding peasantry, none daring to enter the precincts of the abbey after night-fall. One day he disappeared as suddenly as he came. Years afterward, it is said, a "lady with a foreign tongue" came to Killarney and made inquiries about the hermit's life, and spent many days in tears in the abbey where he dwelt; but she revealed to no one who she was, or what was her interest in the

solitary man. Their history, beyond what we have told, has never been written.

There is no need to add romance to fact, to give to Mucross a profound enchantment. There is, however, a legend that it was founded by a certain monk, by name Shaum Bawn, who, for a slight offense, was sent from Rome to do penance by wandering over the earth till he should find a place called Skiheen-a-vido, there to build an abbey. For weary years he wandered in the search, for he was forbidden to ask any one where such a place could be found. At length, one day, as, tired and discouraged, he sat by a rock on Mangerton Mountain near the lake, he heard a little girl say to another, "Have you seen my goats to-day?" "Yes," was the reply, "they are at Skiheen-a-vido." Shaum joyfully arose and followed the child, and soon commenced the abbey on the spot where the goats were found. But demon hands destroyed in the night the work of each day, until the poor monk was given to despair. One night angels of light contested with the demons and conquered, and before morning the abbey was completed by them with the exception of a single turret. As the morning sun arose Shaum awoke and, gazing with wonder, uttered an exclamation of surprise. At this the angels fled; but Shaum completed the work, gathered his monks around him, and was for years first abbot of Mucross. On the side of the lake opposite Mucross stands Ross Castle, the last of the strongholds of Munster, that yielded to Cromwell in 1652. The castle is the scene of many legends, and the window is yet shown through which O'Donoghue leaped into the lake to become lord of the nymphs and naiads beneath. The mountain near by is the residence of that remarkably intelligent echo, which on being asked, "How are you?" is said to respond, "Pretty well, I thank you."

To the lover of the ancient and romantic, the most interesting spot at Killarney is the island of Innisfallen, near the center of the Lower Lake. There, where the depth of the shadow alternates with the mellow sunlight, one can but forget the present busy world and become a dweller in the dreamy past. The very stones tell of a day long since faded; mossy and crumbling as they are, even the clinging ivy fears to trust them for support, and turns to twine upon the trees, whose life is renewed with the seasons. The Abbey of Innisfallen was founded twelve centuries ago. Among its MSS. was found a history of the world from the beginning to the arrival of St. Patrick in Ireland in the year A. D. 432; also a history of Ireland to the year A. D. 1320. These

MSS. still exist in the Bodleian Library at Oxford.

There is a peculiar beauty in Innisfallen, aside from its variety in rock, river, and foliage. There sleeps amid its shadows a dreamy presence, so that one feels like stepping softly lest some peaceful slumber should be broken. Tradition says that the holy abbot of the Augustines, while praying in the abbey garden, imploring that he might be brought nearer heaven in his walk on earth, heard the singing of a bird, and the song was so sweet he arose and followed it. Sweeter swelled the notes of the song, until it seemed as if they came from heaven, and the good father felt that he could listen forever. But deeming at length that vesper-time had come, he tore himself away and returned to the abbey. Strange faces, and a strange language greeted him. Then the monks remembered the story of the good abbot who had disappeared two hundred years before, and they told him of the changes time had wrought, and that now the Saxon ruled in the land. Then the father felt his hour was come and he craved absolution, and the same night he died. After a time the monks found in a distant wood the stone whereon he kneeled marked with the imprint of his knees. Then they knew that his prayer had been heard, and that in a trance for two hundred years he had listened to the music of heaven, until the time was accomplished that he should go to hear it in all its sweetness and purity.

Innisfallen has been the theme of poets, but its peculiar beauty speaks silently to the soul, and can not be portrayed with the pen.

The cascade of the Torc River, which rushes from the mountains into the Middle Lake, is justly famous for its beauty. Hidden among the forest-trees as if conscious that its grandeur is sufficient to attract without pretentious advertisement, the cascade is invisible until we reach its very base. Then it bursts suddenly upon the view, plunging down a height of seventy feet with a thundering roar, filling the solitudes with its voice.

The Gap of Dunloe is one of the greatest of Killarney wonders. As seen on the approach to Killarney from Glengarriffe, it resembles in appearance the Delaware Water-Gap. To appreciate its wild grandeur, however, one must enter and explore it. A pleasant drive of about twelve miles from the village, in the inevitable jaunting-car, with its communicative driver, brings us to the entrance of the Gap. On the way, by deviating slightly from the road, the venerable ruins of Aghadoe may be seen. Not far from the entrance of the Gap is a cave,

which was discovered by workmen in 1838. The roof of the cave is covered with large stones, covered with ogham characters, supposed to have been the language of the Druids.

At the entrance of the Gap the car must be abandoned, and if the traveler is toughened by habit so that the hardships of the saddle are of no account with him, he may mount one of the sure-footed, but by no means easy-pacing, ponies always in readiness, or he may walk at his leisure through the Gap. But let him not delude himself with the vain hope that by means of any fleet-footed animal he may fly from the army of beggars which infest this spot. Killarney is famous no less for beggars than for beauty. The renowned Kate Kearney had her mud and stone mansion near the cave of Dunloe many years ago, and her lineal descendant still represents the honor and beauty of the house. Every traveler is introduced to Kate Kearney's veritable granddaughter. Nor is she more distinguished for personal charms than for importunity, perhaps we should not say as a beggar, but more graciously put it, as a vender of "mountain dew." The article bearing this poetic name is a mixture of goat's milk and whisky. A friend, who journeyed recently from the Pacific coast to view the wonders of the old world, made acquaintance with this mountain belle somewhat after this fashion:

"Plase, sir, buy some mountain dew?"

"Who are you?"

"I'm Kate Kearney's granddaughter, plase yer honor."

"Well, why is she so famous?"

"Her beauty, sir"—stroking her own cheek with a significant gesture—"buy some mountain dew?"

"No, I never drink it."

"Buy some mountain dew?"

Accustomed to the importunities of beggars in this locality, our traveler bade the driver hasten on to effect an escape. But the indefatigable Kate was strong as well as beautiful, and fleet of foot, and she kept side by side with the car for a mile.

"Go to my friend on the other side," at last said the despairing Californian, "he has an eye for the beautiful; may be he will buy your dew."

"Buy some mountain dew?" was the imploring response, and on she ran with untiring speed.

At length the car was exchanged for the ponies. Here our friend felt sure the lovely maid would leave him. Putting the whip to his pony, he rode on too rapidly for appreciation of the surrounding grandeur; but to his dismay the girl kept pace with the pony, at intervals

pleading, "Buy some mountain dew?" The case grew hopeless; there was determination here it were useless to resist, so, reining up the pony, he said, "See here, now, you *are* a very pretty girl, but I have seen all I want to see of you to-day. If I give you a shilling, will you go back?"

"Indade, that I will, heaven bless ye." So he pursued his way in peace.

Any one who has been hedged about by these creatures will know that no picture of their impurity can be overdrawn.

The entrance to the Gap reminds one at once of the popular tradition that it was produced by the stroke of a giant's sword, which divided the mountains and left them apart forever. Upon the right the Reeks, with the highest mountain in Ireland, Carran Tuel, look down upon the deep glen, and on the left Toomies and the Purple Mountain keep guard. From the summit of Carran Tuel the Atlantic Ocean may be seen, with an intervening panorama of matchless beauty.

Emerging from the Gap we enter the Black Valley. The deep shadows cast upon it by the mountains, added to the color of its waters, which are almost black from the quantity of peat found beneath them, and the plaintive moan of the waves, as they dash upon the rocks, seem to mark this place as the home of an imprisoned spirit. And such the legends say it is; for in the bottom of one of these dark lakes is the box in which St. Patrick confined the last of the serpents. Believe it or not, as we may, it is said that to this day his plaintive tones are heard asking, "Has to-morrow come yet?" Nor is he alone in this world in waiting for the good to-morrow that never comes.

METAMORPHOSES OF BUTTERFLIES AND MOTHS.

SOME of the old workers in stained glass who made the grand colored windows for ancient cathedrals and monasteries, were fond of producing figures of a gaudy butterfly when they wished to represent the idea of the resurrection from the dead. The butterfly, with its expanded wings, gay colors, and lively flight, was to them, as it is to us, a proof that beauty could follow hideousness in the ordinary course of nature, and it was an emblem that the immortal spirit would cast off the gross body of our senses and animal mind. What a difference there is between a green and yellow caterpillar, covered with bunches of hair here and there, and not smelling over nice, that gorges

cabbage-leaves hour after hour, and day after day, and the delicate white butterfly, with its black spot on its large wings, its long proboscis, which rarely is used, its silky body, pretty long horns, and hesitating flight! The caterpillar becomes a chrysalis, and this the perfect insect. To the eye there is a decided change of form—a metamorphosis; but to the anatomist there are proofs of internal and external changes in the construction of the tissues and organs that are most wonderful.

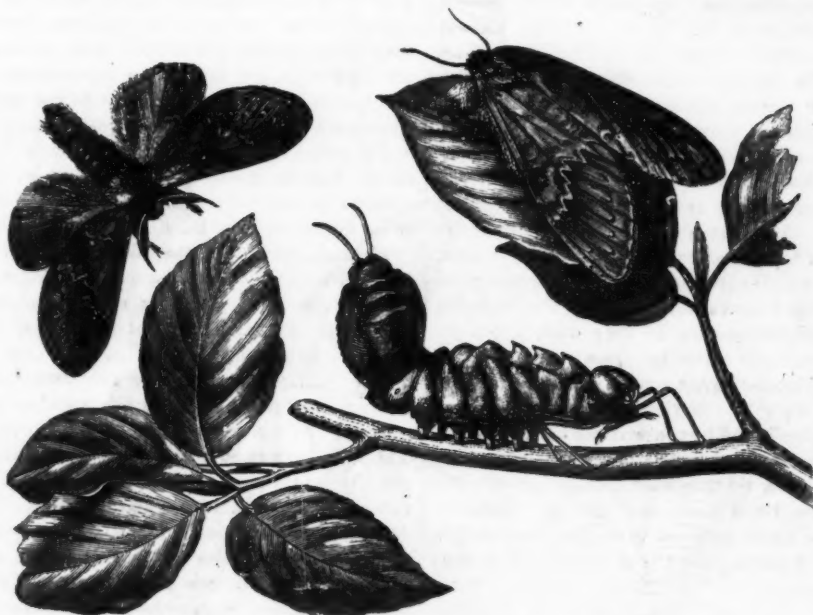
The series of changes undergone by these creatures is, perhaps, better known than those of any other order of insect life, on account of their large dimensions and conspicuous habits. The larva is well known under the title of caterpillar, and is always a vegetable feeder, sometimes devouring the bark, now and then the solid wood, but mostly the leaves on or in which it resides. During its life in the caterpillar state it eats almost incessantly, laying up in the interior a store of fat on which it may sustain existence during its pupal stage, and increases in size with wonderful rapidity. The larva, for example, of the death's-head moth is larger and longer than the middle finger of an ordinary man, and yet when first hatched from the egg it is not more than an eighth of an inch in length. The skin can not keep pace with the growth, and accordingly splits as soon as its expanding properties are exhausted, permitting the caterpillar to crawl from its envelope, when it resumes eating with great vigor. The skin is formed of two layers, one deep, soft, and yielding, the other external and of various degrees of hardness and thickness. The deep layer is the true skin, and the superficial is the epidermis or scarfskin. It is the epidermis which is detached and molted off during the progress of growth and development. Both layers are intimately connected, and the true skin has small glands in it whose tiny ducts traverse the epidermis, and even enter the hairs. The epidermis is composed of an assemblage of very regularly shaped cells containing coloring matter. If the skin of a caterpillar, a chrysalis, and a butterfly is examined, the marvelously beautiful cells and hairs of the perfect insect can be seen to be modified epidermal cells, whose predecessors were very much more simple and less elegant in the immature insect.

After the skin has been cast several times, the creature changes the caterpillar dress for that of the pupa or chrysalis, and remains in that state for a variable time without taking food and almost without motion. The form of the chrysalis is mostly spindle-shaped, but in

many cases, especially the butterflies, it is angular, and altogether oddly formed. The locality chosen by the creature during this period of its life is even more variable than its form. Some chrysalids remain within the trunks of trees, some burrow deeply into the earth, some hang themselves up by their tails, some sling themselves horizontally in hammocks, while many spin cocoons, or build strong wooden edifices in which they may await their last change.

Whence does the butterfly derive its wings? There is no trace of them in the hairy and thick skin of the caterpillar. If a caterpillar is dissected, the skin is noticed to cover some muscular fibers, by which the insect lengthens or

shortens its body and crawls, and inside these is the cavity through which the green blood circulates, and which surrounds the great stomach. There are no traces of wings, and, therefore, it is not correct to say that the caterpillar contains the imperfect organs of the perfect insect. But when the caterpillar has grown to its full length, and cabbages have become rare, it retires to a quiet nook and begins to diminish in length. It fixes its hind legs tightly to a board or tree, by weaving a little web with its mouth, then it curves its body and fixes a silk thread on one side of it on the wood, and throwing its head backward, it curves its body to the other side, fixing the thread on the opposite side on



THE LOBSTER MOTH (*Stauropus fagi*.)

The male moth. The female upon the leaf. The caterpillar with its tail end in the air, and the long legs close to the head.

the wood. The caterpillar then straightens itself, and, being securely lashed by its feet, and tied tightly by its silken girdle to the wood, it changes its skin, and from under the old one appears the queer-looking thing, without legs, mouth, or hairs, called the chrysalis. This has a brown skin, and on either side of the body is a sort of fold; and within this the process of wing making is going on all through the Winter, although the chrysalis never moves, and does not eat or drink. The pretty body and the delicate head are being formed within the brown skin, and even the stomach is undergoing alteration in form, while the muscles of the caterpillar are being changed into those which

can move the wide wings and the delicate legs of the butterfly.

At last, on some fine Spring day, the brown skin of the chrysalis splits, and the butterfly comes out with its wings nicely folded. It soon gains energy in the sun, and breathes the fresh air, the wings unfold and become stiff, and the little creature flies off with a careless flight, but in a manner which no mechanism yet invented can enable man to imitate. Examined under a strong magnifying power, the wings are most beautiful. They consist of a fine membrane, quite transparent; it has two layers, and between them are the rib-like markings, which are really tubes formed by myriads of rings or



THE METAMORPHOSES OF PAPILIO MACHAON.

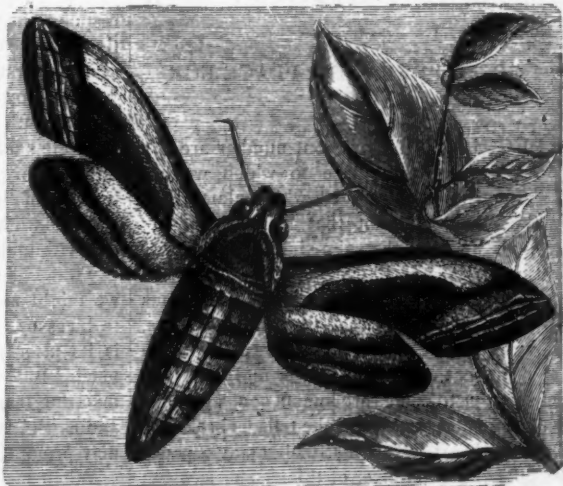
membrane placed side by side. These tubes are the breathing apparatus, and the air passes into them and is carried by other tubes into the body, and among the muscles, and even around the stomach. On the layers of membrane are rows of very small dark dots; one row regularly

succeeds another until the wings outside and inside are covered. These dots are the spots where tiny scales are fixed, and each scale is a miniature wing; when a butterfly's wing is pinched, these come off, and if examined under a good microscope, markings will be seen on them like smaller scales, and there are also some fine hairs attached to both ends. The colors shown on these scales depend partly upon the influence of very fine lines upon the light, and partly upon the presence of grains of coloring matter in their structure. Nearly every kind of butterfly or moth has its peculiar scales, and it is very interesting to notice how the flat scales gradually become hairs and spines on different parts of the wings. The scales are attached to the membrane of the wings by one spot only, and probably they hold the air when the butterfly makes a stroke with its wing. The minuteness of some of the scales in very small moths is so extreme that they can not be seen with the naked eye, but the most powerful microscopes distinguish other dots and imitation scales on them.

The scales are of various shapes, sometimes broad, flat, and overlapping each other like the tiles of a house-roof, sometimes long and hair-like, sometimes drawn out like a set of park palings with notched tops, while others assume the most fantastic forms, and perhaps resemble negro hands with spread fingers, as in the well-known death's-head moth, or battle-doors, as in the little blue butterfly of the meadows. Their surfaces are always sculptured in some way, and the markings on these minute objects, most of which are singly invisible to the naked eye, are so bold and determinate, that, in most cases, an entomologist can name the genus, and in some the species from which a scale has been taken.

The beautiful proboscis, which is curled up under the head of the butterfly, is very different from the sharp, crushing, cabbage-eating jaws of the caterpillar. It is rarely used; but when some very tempting flowers are near, the insect may unfold it and place its tip in the honey at the bottom of the flower. There is a small bag in the gullet which is connected with the proboscis, and it contracts and expels all the air out of the sucker. Then, when the end touches the honey, the bag dilates, and the sugary liquid rushes up. The butterfly takes but little food, for the caterpillar had laid in such a store, that

it furnishes the new clothes of the perfect insect and its food as well. The caterpillar has this use, that it can spin a thread, which in some kinds is a true silk, but the butterfly has nothing of the kind to do. The caterpillar's throat has a small opening in it on either side, just within the mouth. This opening leads to a long tube ending in a bag-shaped gland, which lies on either side of the stomach. The liquid in this bag is the future thread of the silk, and when the caterpillar wishes to use it, either to hang itself from a leaf, or to make the cocoon which surrounds some of the chrysalids, it glues the end of the thread to something steady, and by pulling back its head draws forth a liquid which turns solid immediately. There is not a reel of silk inside the caterpillar, but give it plenty of food, and it will spin a great length of very light but strong stuff from the liquid in



THE MOTH OF SPHINX LIGUSTRI.

its glands. The butterfly lays eggs and glues them to the dry substance nearest the future food of the young, and every species regularly chooses the same kind of tree or shrub, generation after generation.

We have given two illustrations of moths as well as that of the magnificent swallow-tailed butterfly, because they belong to the same great family, and undergo similar metamorphoses. The moths are distinguishable from the butterflies by means of the pointed tips of their antennæ, which are often furnished with a row of projections on each side, like the teeth of a comb, and in the males are sometimes supplied with branching appendages. One of our specimens belongs to the great family of Sphinxes, a group which contains a great number of swift-

winged insects, commonly called Hawk-moths, from the strength and speed of their flight. In many instances the proboscis is of great length, sometimes equaling the length of the entire body, and in such instances the insect may be found feeding like a humming-bird while on the wing, balancing itself before a flower, hovering on tremulous wing, and extracting the sweets by suction. The Lobster-moth derives its name from the grotesque exterior of the caterpillar. As may be seen by reference to the illustration, this larva is one of the oddest imaginable forms, hardly to be taken for a caterpillar by one who was not acquainted with it. The apparently forced and strange attitude in which this caterpillar is represented is that which it assumes when at rest. The second and third pairs of legs are much elongated, a peculiarity not noticed in any other of the family of Lepidoptera, and their use is by no means evident.

"I GO TO PREPARE A PLACE FOR YOU."

§ SPECULATIONS without number are rife concerning this place to which we are going—pious platitudes which almost justify the skeptic's taunt that "the Christian's heaven is an eternal psalm-singing, and irreverent vagaries which would rob it of all its sacredness, and make it a place of sensuous enjoyment, whose occupations, and pleasures, and society are scarcely one remove above those of this present evil world. Now and then God seems to give to some rare human soul a glimpse within the gates, and when she tells us brokenly, in simple, heart-full words, with many a pause and faltering utterance, of things she saw but dimly through her "mist of tears," we listen with hushed hearts, and take a "deal o' comfort in it" as we think it over, and supplement the sweet suggestions with dreams and fancies of our own. But we do not follow them far till we begin to feel what mere imaginings they are, how little, how very little, we absolutely know concerning the beautiful "land of which we dream." Then, perhaps, we wonder almost fretfully why God did not reveal it to us more plainly, why he did not picture it out before us in colors which would make it seem warm, and sweet, and life-like, so that the transition from this world to that might seem more easy and natural, and we who claim to be children of the kingdom should not present the anomalous spectacle of sojourners in a strange country, longing for their home, yet half dreading the journey which is to take them thither, and shrinking

back with a nameless fear when they are called to go. Yet have there not been moments in our lives when faith has seemed so much better than sight, the all-pervading providence of God so far above the best of our plans, and hopes, and dreams, that we have thanked him with all our hearts for the sweet uncertainty, have rejoiced that we might leave our future as well as our present unquestioningly in such care as his, and have felt that the sweetest, most satisfying thing he could possibly have told us of this unspeakable gift of his was that word of vague but infinite suggestiveness, "I go to prepare a place for you."

"I go"—who? Not one who is unacquainted with our needs, for he took upon himself our nature that he might know them all. "He was made like unto his brethren that he might be a merciful and faithful high-priest." Not one yearning cry of the human soul can fail to find response in his; not one pure wish or aspiration is beneath his notice; not one iota of our infinite thirst and hunger is unknown to him.

And knowing he is not indifferent. "As the Father hath loved me, even so have I loved you," he said, and proved it by acts of kindness unto death. To love like this, can the smallest interest of the loved be insignificant? Having given his life for us, is there any good thing he can withhold?

"But is he able to fulfill his kind designs?" we might ask of an earthly friend who wished to bless us. The saddest thing in human love is its utter powerlessness in times of greatest need. But no such misgiving can come in to mar our trust in him. "All power in heaven and earth" is his, and whatever his loving heart may prompt his hand will surely do.

When such a friend as this is preparing a gift for us, what are we that we should question, or dictate, or seek to know aught but the blessed promise he has given? Why, our trust in earthly friends is more perfect than that. Do we wish to know what our Christmas gifts will be? We like to speculate and conjecture, but would we thank any one to tell us? Are we not more vexed than pleased if we find out by accident?

And then we know so little what we want. How many men have striven half their lives for glittering prizes which turned to Dead-Sea apples in their hands when grasped! Suppose these very things had been held out to them as among the rewards of the future life, how bright it would have seemed to them in youth, how tasteless and valueless when they were men! Beecher puts the case more strongly still when, going back to mere childhood, he portrays his

early aspirations for stage-driving, and store-keeping, and military parade, then asks, "Are we not all children in relation to the great manhood of an after life?" These things would have made his heaven then, but fancy him in a paradise of stage-driving and militia training now! Farther on in his existence it is possible that the things he now desires may become as worthless in his sight as these. God knows that most of all the things we long for would not prove to be the blessing we imagine, so he does not promise them in compliance with our childish whims. He knows, too, that the real treasures he has in store for us could not be appreciated by us now, so he keeps them in reserve till we shall know their value.

And even if God were pleased to tell us what the life to come will be, what language would he use? "Do not words faint and fail" when we attempt to freight them with some of the loveliest things we have seen, and the deepest things we have felt even here? Then what could they tell us of that which "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man?" Take a child, born and reared in the English mines, just on the point of making his first visit to the upper world, and how will you give him any idea of the things he is going to see? The only symbol you can give him of the sun is his little smoky lamp, for the stars his specks of ore, for the glorious river his dark little subterranean stream; but what can he know or even dream of green fields and forests, of flowers and birds, the blue heaven, the glorious ocean, the everlasting hills? You speak an unknown language when you talk to him of them. You can only tell him, as the Lord tells us of heaven, that it is glorious beyond his power of conception, and that if he wishes to know more he must wait and see.

Yet, wise as is this reticence of God, and necessary by the very nature of things, it tests our faith pretty closely, and accounts for the hesitating half-reluctance we feel in leaving this dear, old familiar earth, with all its imperfections, for the untried glory of the world beyond. They taunt us with this sometimes, they who slight the offer of eternal life altogether, and blame the weakness of our faith, who have no faith at all themselves. But they forget how often, in other matters, we are "in a strait betwixt two," longing perhaps to depart on some fair journey, yet clinging to the dear home-nest, standing tremulous on the threshold of some great good, with a backward look and a tender farewell to the joys of the past, which, like our child-clothes, "can warm and cover us

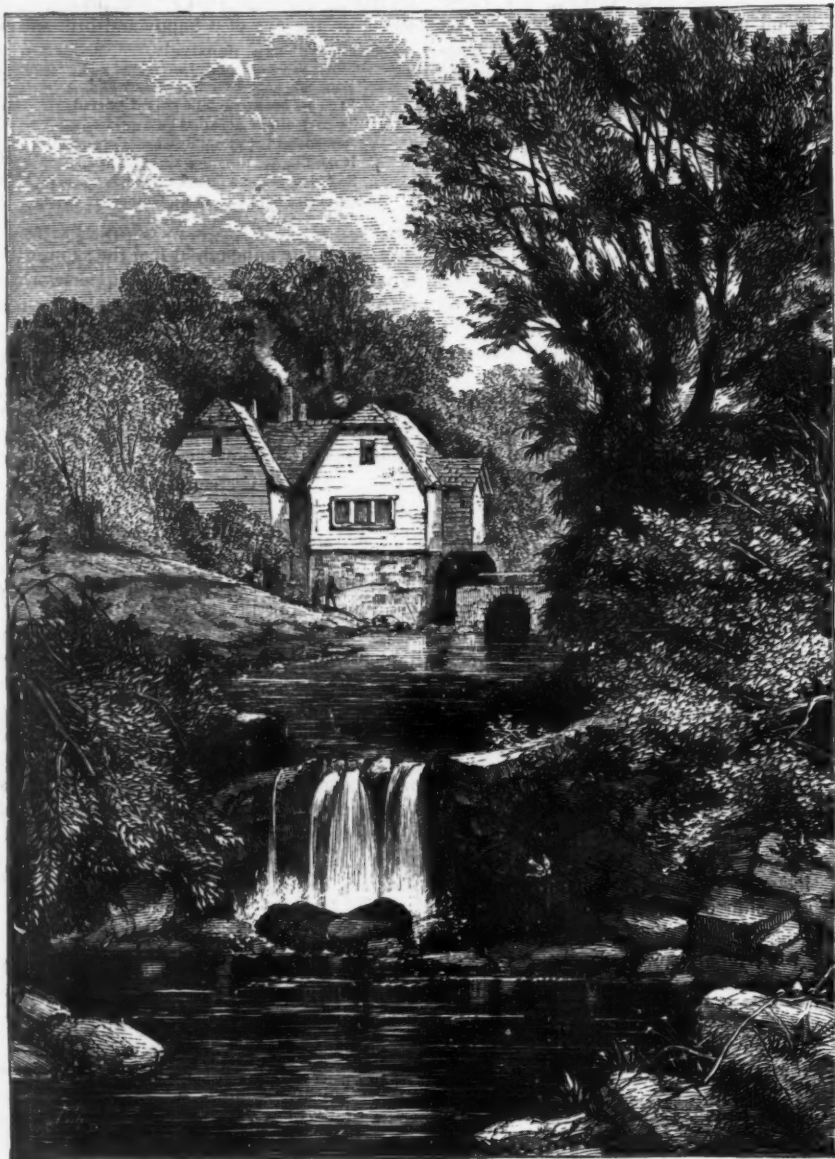
no more." George Eliot's "Fedalma" felt this, when, on the eve of a happy and brilliant marriage, she yet said pensively,

"Long years ago I cried when Inez said,
'You are no more a little girl;' I grieved
To part forever from that little girl
And all her happy world so near the ground.
It must be sad to outlive aught we love.
So I shall grieve a little for these days
Of poor unwed Fedalma. O, they are sweet,
And none will come just like them!"

The boy in the mine might feel the same, athirst for the glory and beauty of the upper world, yet fearing to miss something he had known and loved in his dark little home below.

But "home is where the heart is," and love will lure us even where the most brilliant prospects fail to entice. Whoever has not known the power of a great affection to annihilate surroundings, to make the difference between a palace and a hut seem trivial, is poor in the experiences of this life; and he who does not feel that to be with Christ, amid scenes and associations of his preparing, is the best of all heaven's promised joys, has but meager conceptions of the life to come. Only so far as other thoughts of heaven serve to make this thought more vivid, as other loves, and hopes, and aspirations cluster around this as their center do they help us. And the more this becomes the great absorbing thought, the more our fear of death will vanish, our hold on life will loosen, and though there may still be some tender clinging to this "dear old happy, miserable, loved and maltreated earth" there will be no real hesitancy, but a solemn joy, when the Master's call is, "Come up higher."

WHO can tell the power for good or evil of but one sentence falling on a fellow-creature's ear, or estimate the mighty series of emotions, purposes, and actions, of which one articulate breath may be the spring? "A word spoken in season, how good is it!" In another sense than the poet's, all words are winged, and imagination can illy track their flight. Evil or idle words may seem as they are uttered—light and trivial things; yet if light, they are like the filaments of the thistle down—each feathery tuft floating on the slightest breeze bears with it the germ of a noxious weed. Good, kind, true, holy words, dropped in conversation may be little thought of, too, but they are like seeds of flower or fruitful tree falling by the way-side, borne by some bird afar, haply thereafter to spring up in verdure and to fringe with beauty some barren mountain side, or to make glad some lonely wilderness.



THE OLD MILL-STREAM.

YONDER 's the old mill-stream,
Lagging on as of yore,
And the idle willows gleam
On either shore.

Hardly a change, you say,
For the mossy whetls go on,

And it seems but yesterday
We came with John.

Deep in the shade we sat,
Under the alders there ;
O, for the boyish chat,
And the fisher's fare !

Hark to the ousel's note;
Over the stream he goes!
In that pool, by the boat,
The big fish rose.

The kingfisher comes—ah me!
Blue as the skies in May;
Why thus glitter and flee,
As yesterday?

Where, then, is one? you ask,
He that sat with us here—
Has he finished his task?
Yes, brother dear.

Yes, it is good we rest
Here as in days gone by;
All has been for the best—
God knoweth why.

Here's to the old mill-stream—
Fount of our deepest joy;
Man in his saddest dream
Is more than boy!

IF WE KNEW.

O, COULD some hand the veil remove
That bounds our mortal sight,
And all our joys and treasures prove
By truth's unclouded light,

How cheap would all these trifles seem
That so absorb our care,
Our life how like a transient dream,
How real all things there!

Could we but see the narrow strand,
How few the steps to take,
Between us and that morning land
Where we shall all awake,

How poor would seem our cherished joys,
How false our trusted lights,
How little worth our gilded toys,
How dull our dear delights!

How meager all our earthly gain,
How trifling all our loss,
What heavenly healing in our pain,
What glory in our cross!

Could we but know what drops of strength
Grief's bitter chalice bears,
What wealth of patience comes, at length,
Of all our vexing cares,

How many a pearl of promise drops
In sorrow's darkest hours,
How often on our fallen hopes
Are built our highest powers,

What peace into our lives would flow,
What heavenly hope revive,
How brave and strong our hearts would grow
To suffer and to strive!

O, wondrous life, could we but think
How every grief and love,
Each task, each hope is but a link
Unto the life above,

How glad to labor should we be—
How patient in our pain,
In all our thought how calm and free,
How honest in our gain!

What homes of truth our hearts would be,
How faithful should we prove,
How gentle in our charity,
How tender in our love!

And yet we walk as in a dream,
Complaining while we roam,
Seeing not how God designs the scheme
To bring us nearer home.

O, Father, make us see and know,
And teach our feet the way;
Help us to trust, where'er we go,
Believing while we pray.

BEYOND.

BEYOND life's toils and cares,
Its hopes and joys, its weariness and sorrow,
Its sleepless nights, its days of smiles and tears,
Will be a long sweet life unmarked by years,
One bright unending morrow;

Beyond time's troubled stream,
Beyond the chilling waves of death's dark river,
Beyond life's lowering clouds and fitful gleams,
Its dark realities and brighter dreams,
A beautiful forever.

No aching hearts are there,
No tear-dimmed eye, no form by sickness wasted,
No cheek grown pale through penury or care,
No spirits crushed beneath the woes they bear,
No sighs for bliss untasted.

No sad farewell is heard,
No lonely wail for loving ones departed,
No dark remorse is there o'er memories stirred,
No smile of scorn, no harsh or cruel word
To grieve the broken-hearted.

No long, dark night is there,
Nor light from sun or silvery moon is given,
But Christ, the Lamb of God all bright and fair,
Illumes the city with effulgence rare,
The glorious light of heaven.

No mortal eye hath seen
The glories of that land beyond the river,
Its crystal lakes, its fields of living green,
Its fadeless flowers and the unchanging sheen
Around the throne forever.

Ear hath not heard the songs
Of rapturous praise within that shining portal,
No heart of man hath dreamed what bliss belongs
To that redeemed and joyous blood-washed throng,
All glorious and immortal.

THE RELIGION OF THE FAMILY.

VIII.

PARENTS.

A SAD and portentous phenomenon has presented itself in our day which we can scarcely designate by any other title than a revolt against childhood; perhaps it would not be badly named as a protest against the Creator. How strange that this abomination should originate in Christendom! With the ancient Jew children were esteemed "a heritage from the Lord;" with pagans they are counted among their greatest treasures; the saddest calamity of their life is to be childless. True, sometimes they will cast them into some sacred river, or immolate them on some idol shrine, but this is not because they hate them, or wish to be rid of them, but because they would devote them as their choicest gifts to their gods. It remained for Christian civilization to bring forth this deliberate protest against motherhood, this cool determination to thwart the purposes and arrangements of the Creator, this insane outcry against the cares and responsibilities of parenthood. Though born in Christendom, it surely is not of Christianity. It is an offspring of that common and wide-spread revolt against the ordinances of God which would wholly set aside Christianity and the Bible, which would reduce marriage itself to mere licensed sensuality, and which finds in the wholesome restraints of God's ordinances and institutions hateful barriers in the way of its unlimited licentiousness. The Divine founder of Christianity set to his seal of imperishable protest against the abominable spirit when he called the little children to himself and blessed them, and claimed them for his kingdom on earth and in heaven.

We do not design here to enter into a discussion of this modern abomination, but only to introduce what we have to say on the parental relation and its obligations, with a protest against the fearful evil, and to say to those who read these pages, turn away from it as you would from a visible manifestation of Satan himself. Depend upon it, it is only fraught with evil; the displeasure of God is upon it, and his curse will rest on that family where the abominations it leads to are practiced. If it is not the spirit of murder, it is so near to it that no man or woman can honestly draw the line of distinction; and so near does it lie to the domain of positive crime, that the shadow of God's penalties for sin falls upon it, and produces blighting and a curse wherever it is found. If you do not wish the cares and responsibilities of a

parent, do not marry; but woe be to that husband and wife who try the experiment of snatching from Nature the sweets of one of her most beautiful institutions while crushing beneath their feet its proper fruits! Nature will take her revenge most fearfully on soul and body, and the God of nature will make his displeasure felt in that home.

We know there are great cares and responsibilities connected with the parental relation; we know that these cares fall with special weight on the mother; we know that in order to meet them she, especially, must make many sacrifices and self-denials; we know that the childless wife can live a more easy, gay, fashionable life; and yet we know the invariable order of God that responsibilities well met, and duties faithfully performed, and cares patiently borne, bring the highest blessings and joys we can receive in this life; we know that the blessedness of that mother who, even at the cost of her own self-sacrifices, has reared sons and daughters for God and for humanity, infinitely transcends all the mere pleasure that may be crowded into an easy, frivolous, fashionable life, and that in doing so she has filled as high and holy an office and service as falls to the lot of mortals here below.

But why should we look on the parental relation as a burden, and see in the sacred duties which it involves only a grievous weight of responsibility? Is it not one of the sublimest mysteries of our human life? Is not the relation one of the most pure, and dear, and holy on earth? Are not the opportunities which it furnishes for impressing ourselves on other beings, for molding and training them for honor and virtue, among the grandest opportunities of our life? Is it not a delightful work to be permitted to train these young immortal plants for a place in the garden of the Lord?—to polish these living gems to be set in the diadem of the Redeemer? Surely it is a beautiful, rather than a burdensome arrangement, that these young, expanding, priceless, and impressible minds are committed to our charge, and that to us has been given the sublime work of educating and developing them for immortality and a glorious life. How the thought ennobles the parental relation! What sanctity and significance does it impart to the Christian family! How do these immortal offshoots from our own existence rise in our estimation of their worth, and grow in the depth and earnestness of our love, while even in their beautiful and helpless childhood they present themselves to us as beings whose interests and destinies are worthy of our life's devotion! A young immortal

plays around our feet—a budding moral being blooms in our household; such is its relation to us, and such its nature, and such the means which our merciful Father has provided for our use, that we may direct its opening life, unfold its budding being, and lead each expanding faculty toward God and heaven. We may stamp divine things on its young heart; we may write lessons of heavenly wisdom on its opening mind; we may intermingle streams of sacred influences with the current of its flowing life; we may make impressions upon its expanding nature that shall endure forever. Say, are not such powers as these gracious gifts, rather than burdensome obligations?—such a labor as this, a beautiful privilege, rather than an onerous task? Should we not gladly turn to it as a delightful life-labor, rather than strive to evade it as a grievous life-burden?

In the light of such thoughts we purpose to study some of the duties and responsibilities of parents. And, first, let us call attention to the parent's responsibility for the irresponsible child.

The child itself, during the age of immaturity, is obviously irresponsible; its circumstances forbid that it should be held accountable for its thoughts and actions; and yet it is a moral being. Its irresponsibility is far different from that of a mere animal, because its nature and its actions are far different from those of a mere animal. Young and ignorant as it is, it is still a moral and immortal being—moral because there is in its nature the germ of a moral character, which must necessarily be developed in the future, and immortal because it is moral. Its relations to the future, as a moral being in embryo, are vast and important. If it live, it must grow up into the responsible and accountable man—must, by the necessity of its nature and by the circumstances of its life, enter upon a probationary state which involves its immortal destiny. Yet the child is unconscious of its own moral nature, and ignorant of all these responsibilities and relations in the future, and is itself incapacitated for making preparations for entering upon that fearful stage of probation. Not so, however, with the parents. They are aware of the moral and immortal nature of the child, and see the important relations which it bears to the future, and they are capacitated to train and fit that young immortal for entering most advantageously upon its future probation.

It can not be otherwise, than that, during the irresponsibility and ignorance of the child, the parents are held responsible for the knowledge which they thus possess, and accountable for the culture of the child, they being alone

competent to bring it up under the most favorable circumstances to enter upon its own responsibility. What parent does not feel that he is the guardian and protector of the *physical* life of his child? that during its early existence, while ignorant of the nature of things about it, of the laws of its own life, of the injurious and morbid influences by which it is surrounded, of the means of avoiding dangers, escaping diseases, preserving health and prolonging life, his knowledge of all these circumstances is to be made available to the thoughtless and ignorant child, and that on him devolves the duty of securing to his helpless offspring those circumstances which give the greatest promise of preserving its health and prolonging its life? And is it not equally obvious that the parent is constituted the guardian and protector of the *moral* nature of his offspring? During its early existence—its age of imbecility and ignorance—must not his knowledge of the child's moral nature, of its future relations and responsibilities, of the laws of its moral life, and of the moral dangers and diseases which threaten it, be made available to the child, and must not he preserve it from all dangerous exposure, and from all morbid influences, and secure for it the most favorable circumstances for the unfolding and strengthening of its moral life?

A very erroneous conception of the nature of childhood and of parental responsibility, is that which compares the child to the rough marble in the quarry, which may or may not be chiseled into forms of beauty. The analogy holds good in only a single point. The artist may bring forth the rough block from the quarry, and his chisel may reveal what forms of beauty the marble may be made to assume; and so may moral and intellectual culture develop the innate capacities of childhood, and reveal to us the beautiful moral and intellectual forms the growing child may be made to assume. But in all things else how poor the comparison—how faint the analogy! In the one case we have an aggregation of particles, crystalized into shape, without organism, life, or motion. In the other we have life, growth, expansion. In the first, we have a mass of limestone, neither more nor less than insensate matter, utterly incapable of any alteration from within itself. In the second, we have a living body, a mind, affections instinct with power, gifted with vitality, and forming the attributes of a being allied to and only a little lower than the angels. These constitute a life which, by its inherent force, must grow and unfold itself by a law of its own, whether you educate it or not. Some development *it will make*, some form *it will*

assume, by its own irrepressible and spontaneous action. The question, with us, is rather what that form shall be; whether it shall wear the visible robes of an immortal, with a countenance glowing with the intelligence and pure affection of cherub and seraph, or, through the rags and sensual impress of an earthly life, send forth only occasional gleams of its higher nature. The great work of all education, moral and intellectual, is to stimulate and direct this native power of moral and intellectual growth. God and the subject co-working effect all the rest.

But let us look again at the very intimate physical and moral relation which God has established between the parent and child. It is an axiom among us that the child must partake of the nature of its parents both physically and morally. We expect to find the lineaments of the parents impressed upon their offspring, and the child partaking of the constitution of its parents. We even cast the chances of its life and health on the constitution of those who gave it being. Vigorous and healthful parents generally have vigorous and healthful children; the insane, the epileptic, the consumptive parent impresses strong tendencies to the same evils on the constitution of his offspring; the drunken and licentious father, whose debauches ruin his own constitution, entails a ruined constitution upon his child. Nor is the moral relation between parents and children less striking than the physical. The parent who neglects his duty to God, and gives himself up to wickedness—who develops, by indulgence and practice, the corrupt passions and appetites of his nature, and especially who gives himself over to the graver vices, must expect to stamp a corresponding character upon his offspring; and that not only by the influence of his example, but by the transmission of the tendencies of his own moral character to the child. The drunken and licentious parent will be very likely to have drunken and licentious children; and that for two very powerful reasons—he will certainly entail upon them a strong bent of the nature toward those vices, which will prove sources of temptation to them through their whole life, and the influence of his example on natures already bent toward his own vices, constitutes a temptation of which there is but little hope of successful resistance. On the other hand, the pious, temperate, and God-fearing parent transmits to his offspring the better tendencies of his own moral character. That “a good tree can not bring forth evil fruit, neither can an evil tree bring forth good fruit,” and “of thorns men do not gather figs, nor of

a bramble-bush gather they grapes,” are axiomatic principles as true here as in other spheres of morals.

But God has shown us this intimate connection on a scale of fearful magnitude, in the moral corruption of an entire race from the moral corruption of apostate parents. The question is often asked why the corruption and mortality of Adam are made to fall upon us, who had personally no part in his transgression? The answer is found in this simple principle: It could not be otherwise and we be his children. By the laws of life he must entail his own nature on his children, and this, as far as we can see, could only have been averted by such a modification in the laws of life as would have destroyed any such relation as that of parent and child.

Who, then, does not see the great weight of responsibility that is thus stamped upon the parents of the child? God, by the laws of life, by the nature of childhood, and by its relations to the future, has almost wholly left it with the parents to say in what state, and with what advantages or disadvantages, the child shall grow up and enter upon its own responsibility and probation. We see thus to what a vast extent God has suspended the physical and temporal, and the moral and eternal interests of the irresponsible child on the responsible parent; and we learn, too, what he means, as well as the truth of the declaration, when he declares he will visit the iniquities of the fathers upon the children, to the third and fourth generation.

We thus have contemplated the responsibility of the parents for the child as a preliminary consideration enforcing the duties of parents. Parents have duties, imperative and unavoidable, because they are the responsible representatives of the child. And here, too, we may properly recall to mind as a second preliminary consideration, the nature and relations of the child as presented in the Word of God. It is a moral and immortal being which God has embraced in the great atonement of his Son, and whom he has morally and legally qualified for admission into his Church and kingdom; as such he has placed it in the hands of its parents, holding them responsible for the care and culture of one of his lambs, and accountable for their dealings with one of his children. There is a twofold and fearful responsibility resting upon parents, and they can not evade it—a responsibility which involves them in stamping the very character of their children, and a responsibility which makes them the keepers of young immortal members of the

kingdom of Christ. What folly, then, to suppose that responsibilities like these, interwoven into the very texture of our lives, and springing up from the very moral being of our children, can be thrown aside and evaded!

But to the duties:

1. *It is the duty of parents to consecrate themselves to the service of God.*

From what we have already seen, obviously the highest interests of our children can only be reached by parents themselves becoming the servants of God. Children are only born under the most favorable circumstances when they are born of Christian parents; their very moral nature, at least in its tendencies, is the better of it, and the holy, God-fearing father, and the pious, meek, and devoted mother, stamp their character on their offspring and send them forth into the world freed from a hundred evil influences which they would inherit from ungodly, worldly, and wicked parents.

But, let our opinions be as they may with reference to what we have just advanced, certainly we will all agree that the highest moral interests of the child can only be met in the religious example and godly precepts of pious parents. Thrice blessed is that child who is born of sincere Christian parents, and who is reared under the preserving and refining influences of godly precepts and examples. Unhappy indeed is that child who is born of wicked and ungodly parents, or even of heartless and godless worldlings, and who is destined to be reared under the influence of vice and wickedness, or to grow up in the tainted atmosphere of pride and worldliness. Both are alike moral and immortal beings, and whether breathing the pure air of a heavenly household, or living in the polluted atmosphere of vice, or the no less hazardous influences of parental pride and heartlessness, all alike must grow up into maturity to enter upon a stage of personal responsibility and individual probation. But how differently will these young immortals, born and reared under such different circumstances, enter upon this important stage of life! The child of godly parents enters upon it under the most favorable circumstances—with a nature softened and subdued, and already more than half Christianized by holy examples exhibited in the lives of those most endeared to it, and a mind religiously cultivated and thoroughly imbued with the principles of godliness, a memory stored with Gospel truth, a judgment disciplined in right and wrong, a conscience educated and Christianized, it is ready—thoroughly furnished—to emerge from childhood into manhood—to pass out of the state of irresponsible

youth into that of a great moral and accountable being.

Not so with children of wicked and worldly parents. Deprived of the influence of godly precept and example, and positively tainted by the influence of constant exhibitions of vice and worldliness; with natures untamed and undisciplined; minds ignorant of Christian truth; judgments warped and obscured; consciences seared and callous; principles and habits of vice and worldliness already formed and confirmed; what fitness is there in such beings to enter upon the fearful stage of life through which they must pass?

How justly may we conclude, then, that the first great duty of parents toward the child is personal consecration to God! And what an appeal should these considerations make to the heart of the parents! If reckless of their own interests—if indifferent about their own salvation—if willing to hazard their own eternal interests for a life of sin, and pleasure, and worldliness, let them remember that they are involving others in their ruin, and are sacrificing on the altar of their own pleasure and gratification the immortal interests of those most dear to them. If they proudly assert themselves to have the right to hazard their own salvation, let them stop to ask whether they have also the right to imperil the salvation of those immortal buds to whom they have given life. Let every parent remember that God has so constituted it, and by no possibility can he evade it, that in determining the course of life which he will pursue, the interests of others besides himself are vastly involved in his decisions, and if he is prepared to risk and sacrifice his own immortal interests, he must also answer the question whether he is prepared and has the right to sacrifice theirs.

2. *It is the duty of parents to consecrate their children to God.*

When the eye of the parent glances with tenderness upon his offspring, and his thought runs forward into the future of his child, with what complacency does he mingle with the hopes of that future, the provisions which Divine love has made for his children! and when death enters the loved circle of his household and removes a lamb from the flock, what thought so consoling to the stricken heart, as the truth that a glorious provision has been made for the immortality of his child! But shall we build upon these Gospel provisions our hopes and exultations, and draw from them in the hour of bereavement and sorrow our sweetest consolation, and yet fail to recognize the practical duty which devolves upon us, and which springs from these merciful provisions? Pro-

visions of such magnitude made for our children involve duties of the highest importance. The promise being made to us and to our children, is not merely a benevolent extension of the Gospel provision to gratify the parental emotions of our hearts, but to constitute the basis of a grave parental duty. If God has opened the door of his Church for their reception, it is not that parents may admire his far-reaching mercy, but that they may bring them in. If the Savior has opened his arms, and commanded his disciples to suffer the little ones to come unto him, it was not merely to give us an exhibition of his tender sympathy, but that he might lay upon us the obligation of bringing them to Christ. And if a full and free salvation has been provided for them by linking them in a vital union with the dying Lamb of God, it is not simply to relieve the sorrows of the bereaved hearts of parents, but to inspire in them a realization of the true nature and worth of childhood, and to lay upon parents the duty of connecting them with the visible kingdom of heaven on earth, as emblematical of their title to the kingdom of heaven on high.

With such provisions made for the earthly and the heavenly welfare of our children, with what thankfulness should we avail ourselves of them, and how gladly should we bring them to the arms of Christ and consecrate them to him! Few sights to us are more beautiful than the devout and conscientious consecration of children to God in the impressive ordinance of baptism, when in the parents' minds it is not a mere unmeaning ceremony, but is a giving of the child to God and a covenanting on their part to bring it up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

3. *It is the duty of parents to give to their children the most careful moral culture and discipline.*

The consecration of children to God in the beautiful act of baptism implies this subsequent religious culture and discipline. But parenthood itself implies it, and it can not be evaded, as some very silly people think, by refusing to consecrate their children to Christ. You are a parent; that settles all; *therefore* it is your duty to give the most careful religious culture to your children. You have been the means of bringing young immortal beings into life; *therefore* it is your duty to train them for God and eternity.

Into the details of the mode of this moral training we can not enter here. We shall only indicate some of the prominent features of such a course.

1. And first of all, let parents "*first learn to*

show piety at home." If our Savior has wisely given us an injunction "to let our light shine before men, that they seeing our good works *may glorify our Father which is in heaven,*" with how much additional force and promise of success will it apply to the wants and interests of our households! In the language of one who in his brief life did much for the development of domestic piety, and who, as men would say, died too soon, "Be deeply pious yourself—let your own soul be thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the Gospel. Then will you present a living image of the beauty and excellence of Christianity before your children. Then will you be inflexibly just in your dealings, upright in conversation, humane toward the suffering, and walk humbly with God. Then will you be solemn and dignified, cheerful and courteous. Then will the law of kindness be on your tongue—meekness and modesty will adorn your demeanor—joy will light up your countenance—peace and heavenly tranquillity will sit undisturbed upon your brow. Your religion will be heard in the tones of your voice, seen in every feature of your face, blended with all your acts. Then will you act under a lively impression of the presence of a holy God, and your reproofs, corrections, warnings, counsels, and expostulations, will, *by their very manner,* make your children feel that God is near. Then will you be faithful in the duties of family religion. Your warm and overflowing gratitude, your child-like confidence, your earnest entreaties, your heart-felt adoration in family prayer, will make such an impression on the minds of your children of God's being and presence, of his goodness and mercy, of his adorable perfections, and of the reality of his manifesting himself to his children 'as he does not to the world,' as is unlikely to be made by a thousand cold and formal doctrinal lessons.

"If, on the other hand, you yourself either neglect religion, or have only the form, your neglect, or your cold and formal method of speaking on the subject, and your lifeless prayers, may establish the conviction in the minds of your children that it is but a mass of speculative notions and idle ceremonies."

2. *We should give regular and systematic instruction to our children at home.*

Parents should feel the duty resting upon them in their individual responsibilities to impart to their children the deep lessons of piety, truth, and morality. This is a duty which can not be wholly committed to the hands of others. Parents are the proper and most efficient moral educators of their own children, and into their hands is given this sacred trust for which the

God of the universe will call them to an account. There may be many others much more capable than we of leading them through the various processes of mental discipline and education, but unto us has been emphatically committed the beautiful work of leading our children to seek those unfading joys which come from God only, and for this work no one else is so competent or so favorably situated as we. "And *thou* shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and *thou* shalt talk of them when *thou sittest in thine house*, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up."

Let us urge this upon parents as a personal duty. In too many instances we attempt to evade it by committing it to the hands of others. Our children are sent to the Sabbath-school and are brought to the Church, and the consciences of many parents rest easy under the conviction that their children are being trained in the nurture of the Lord. The Sabbath-school is a beautiful institution, and an essential adjunct to the Christian Church. It has proved a blessing to thousands of the children of Christian parents, but especially has it proved a blessing by bringing together the children of irreligious parents, and instructing them in the path of life. But if it is made to supply the place of home instruction, and the children of professors of religion are cast upon it to receive that religious education which should have been given at home, it has passed beyond its true province, and becomes an evil instead of a blessing. No, mother, you especially are to be the preceptor of your child, teaching it the way to God and heaven. This is your highest calling—your noblest mission. Fulfill it well, and you will have accomplished something worthy of your life. Train that young plant for God. It is a tender exotic, whose native clime is heaven. Believe us, it is worthy of your most careful culture, and will grow into an immortal and fruitful plant to gladden your heart forever. Yet beautiful as it is, it is still but the creature of a day, "passing as the arrow through the air—a spirit from God and returning to him—just hovering over the great gulf till a few moments hence it shall be no more, but drop into an unchangeable eternity. One thing it needs to know—the way to heaven—how to reach safely that eternal abode. God himself has condescended to teach the way. For this very end he came from heaven. He has written down in a book—O, give them the lessons of that book! At any price give them the book of God!" If you have not time, make time. Sacrifice any thing else; but on

the altar of a busy, bustling, worldly life, sacrifice not the immortal interests of these tender buddings of your own existence.

Teach them the Bible; adapt its lessons to the wants of their young minds; unfold to them its wonderful doctrines as they are able to appreciate them; familiarize them with its beautiful examples; instruct them in the demands of its pure morality; reiterate to them the story of redeeming love; open up before them as soon as practicable the vitality and spirituality of the Christian life; examine their young hearts, and be prepared to meet and foster the first buddings of a religious experience; introduce them into the Sabbath-school; bring them with you to the house of God; draw them to your side on the calm and holy Sabbath, yea, if possible, on each day, at the solemn sunset when the world is being hushed to silence and rest, and breathe on them a parent's blessing, and drop into their young and impressible hearts these lessons of heavenly instruction.

Talk with your children about religion. Not in dry and formal lectures, lest you surfeit them, but with the familiarity, the tender interest, and the gentleness of a mother—with the affectionate solicitude of an earnest and believing father. Believe it, they will not tire of these lessons, nor dread the recurrence of these tender and affectionate conversations. They see in it a new evidence of your love, it is an admission of them into your society and tender familiarity, than which nothing is more dear to your children, and they will meet you more than half-way in these kind and beautiful advances.

Forget not to pray with them and for them. Not only erect the family altar and bring them with you to the family devotions, but take them with you to the secret chamber and pray with them alone. Commend them there to God, and there implore his heavenly benedictions upon them. How mighty must be the influence of such an exercise on the impressible heart of childhood!

Set before them good examples, and throw around them pure and gracious influences. Our children are mirrors, living mirrors, which not only catch up the image of every object and event that comes before them, but by virtue of their vitality they retain them all. Every faculty of their young nature is an absorbent, which eagerly drinks in and appropriates to its growth and development every thing that comes before it. Let home, then, be a domestic sanctuary, redolent with heavenly influences. Let its society, its conversations, its amusements, its ornaments, and its books be refined and pure. It is due to them that they should be sur-

rounded by these healthful religious influences. As the guardians of their moral nature, it is our duty to provide these circumstances for their moral wants, with even a greater weight of obligation than we feel incumbent upon us the duty of providing for their physical necessities. Indeed, what avails the most ardent affection which reaches only to the mortal part, if we neglect the moral and immortal, and if all that lies in our power is not done, that after their passage through the present short-lived scene of things, they may enter into eternity in the favor of God?

3. In addition to these positive efforts to give to our children a religious culture, it is also a duty to withhold them from all evil examples and influences; to keep them from such amusements, such scenes, such company, such books, as are calculated to corrupt their minds, lead them into bad habits, inspire worldly-mindedness, and diminish and finally destroy their love and reverence for sacred and divine things. It is our duty to exercise here the authority of accountable parents, and not to yield to the choice and solicitations of our young, and inexperienced, and thoughtless children. From the age, the superior knowledge, the experience, and the relation of parents, it is their right, nay, their duty to prescribe what shall be the amusements, the company, the books, and the habits of their thoughtless child. The thin, clear ice that covers over that river is beautiful; its glassy smoothness is inviting to your child—so level, so smooth, so clear, he would leap upon it as a new and beautiful play-ground; unconscious of the flowing death that lurks beneath it, he solicits your consent. Will you give it? Rather, do you not feel that it is your right and your duty positively to prohibit it? The gay and beautiful world, with its giddy round of pleasures, with its ever-shifting fashions, with its painted and gilded vices, with its ornamented saloons, its dancing-schools, its ball-rooms, its theaters, its billiard, nine-pin, gambling, and drinking saloons, its free and easy life, its fashionable customs, its light, exciting, trashy literature, presents a very captivating appearance to your son and daughter. It is beautiful—they would love to mingle with its scenes; it seems happy—they would love to participate in its pleasures; it looks innocent—why may they not plunge into it; they are young—why should they not be free and happy? Unconscious of the moral death that is here covered over, gilded and kept out of sight, they solicit your permission. Dare you give it? Rather, do you not feel it your right, and your duty, positively to prohibit it?

Alas, how many professing Christians yield to these solicitations! How many, though they will not give direct permission, yet fail to prohibit, and look on and see their children step by step advancing into the swift circles of the fearful whirlpool of a worldly life! A dreadful experiment is tried by many unthinking parents with their children—that of allowing them first to become thoroughly imbued with the principles of a worldly life, to become estranged from the house of God and from sacred and divine things, to enter freely and largely into the follies, fashions, and vices of the world, to form sinful habits, to imbibe dangerous lessons and principles, to become attached to wicked and worldly companions—with the deceptive hope that in maturer years they themselves will see the folly of such a life, will be awakened to a consciousness of their need of religion, will be suddenly arrested by some powerful religious influence, be made penitent and be converted, and thus wipe out all the past, and remedy by a few penitent tears the evils of a life, and the faults of careless and negligent parents. Dreadful, dreadful experiment—always involving loss, in countless instances proving fatal!

What would we think of that parent who would stand on the borders of the hollow, whirling maelstrom, and with a single thread around the body of his child, would toss him out farther and still farther from his arms, into the sweep of the circles of that fearful whirlpool, with the mad hope that before he is finally drawn into its yawning vortex, he will draw him back again to his bosom? But do you act a wiser and less hazardous part, O parent, when you toss these lambs of your bosom out upon the boiling, surging, engulfing ocean of the world, with the mad hope that ere it finally overwhelms them and drinks them down to its fathomless depths, some power will seize them and bring them back again to your arms? It is madness. If you love them, venture no such experiment. If you would save them, save them while they are yet young, innocent, and impressible at your feet

THERE can be no return to equipoise and calm religion so long as men forget that a symmetrical Christian life has two aspects—one looking toward society, and the other toward solitude; one having regard to zeal and external activity, and the other to communion with God—interior apprehension of truth and secret delight in it, and that ineffable repose upon the bosom of infinite love which is the fruit of child-like faith.

DANIEL PARISH KIDDER, D. D.

DO N'T know how far back in the century your life race was begun, dear reader, but it was at a period now dismally remote, if the initial words of this sketch fail to awaken pleasant memories. To me they are the "open sesame" to more Sunday afternoons than you could string on the whole circle of the year. How plainly I can see the garden seat under the fragrant cedars! How pleasant the awakened memory of silence and impenetrable shade, twin charms of my dear "forest home" among Wisconsin hills, the drowsy hum of Sabbath-breaking bees, the cow bell's idyl, from the tranquil pastures by the river bank, and in my hand a book brought home from Sunday-school in a town three miles away, and "revised by D. P. Kidder!" No wonder that I never read all those that bore this name upon their title-page; no wonder they outlasted even my childhood long drawn out—there were eight hundred of them!

This is Evanston, "the Athens of Methodism in the North-West." Up from the trees at the end of the street—a street as shady as the Wisconsin bridle-paths of *auld lang syne*—shoots the white granite spire of our noble university; beyond rises home-like "Heck Hall," the local habitation of the dignified Garrett Biblical Institute. Across the way from the snug cottage where I write, almost concealed by clustering trees, is a commodious mansion—Dr. Kidder's home. As my eye follows the winding gravel walk that leads to its hospitable door, and my heart stirs at thought of all I owe to those who dwell there, who welcomed me, a lonesome school-girl, to their fire-side a dozen years ago, a figure on horseback emerges from the trees, waves me a courteous salute, and passes rapidly from sight. It is Dr. Kidder going to his "homiletic" class.

"Is n't life queer?" said a friend for whom I sketched the two preceding pictures. Yes, very queer indeed, and that's the beauty of it. Life is a hundred times more romantic than romance. It is a "poetic justice" equal to Trollope's own that decrees the preparation of "some account" of Dr. Kidder's life by one who, as a Sunday-school girl, mused with vague but grateful wonder on his name. Appleton, Allibone, and Lippincott—not to speak of less renowned "collectors"—have preserved in their vast museums of intellectual anatomy the dry bones of our honored "subject's" history. Be it our pleasant task to introduce him at the period which, to a discriminating reader, is more suggestive

than any that succeeds it, but which our Dry-as-dusts are wont to pass in silence—the period of

YOUTH.

We lift the curtain on that magic scene in the life drama with the chief statistic of all biographies. Daniel Parish Kidder was born at Darien, Genesee county, New York, October 18, 1815. To the thousands who know that our beloved Church has no more faithful son, it may be a surprise to learn that, until he was seventeen years old, he was almost never under religious influence, and had not heard the noble old word "Methodist" pronounced except with sneers. His mother, though not a member of any Church, was a prayerful Christian woman, but she died when he was only ten months old. He was then taken to Vermont by an aunt who was his father's sister, and whose husband was the brother of his mother. This uncle and aunt had no children, and, coming to them at an age so tender, he soon filled the place of a son in their hearts and their home. Though his father subsequently married again, he had no other children, and thus the parental interest and affection of the two families centered in the lad. He early displayed the fondness for study, and acquired the habits of unremitting industry which have been marked characteristics of his manhood. His classical education was begun at Randolph Academy, Vermont. In his fourteenth year he taught a district school near his father's home in Western New York. Soon after this he attended Wyoming Academy, and afterward went to Genesee Wesleyan Seminary, at Lima, upon whose records, first and last, have been enrolled more celebrated names than any other institution of our Church can show. Although his friends had little sympathy with the religious, and still less with the denominational character of this school, they chose it on the principle rendered so familiar by the sententious advertisement of the publishers of Webster's Unabridged: "Get the best." The son was intent upon ambitious hopes—indulging, at this period, a decided *penchant* for a military life—and if he thought, at all, about the denominational character of the institution to which he was going, it was with a smile of incredulity that "those fanatics" should have succeeded in an enterprise so foreign to the reputation habitually given them.

During a large portion of his sojourn at Lima, the religious sentiments and practices of the Methodists were an unfailing source of amusement to our young friend. He delighted to put their advocates on the defensive, and to puzzle them with the standard questions of Univer-

salism and infidelity. Nevertheless, the generally consistent conduct of those professing to be Christians did not fail to impress his mind favorably respecting a form of religion with which he had not previously come in contact, and of which he had learned through its enemies alone.

During his life at Lima two events occurred which exerted a memorable influence upon his character. The first was the death of a fellow-student with whom he was called to watch in his last hours; the second was a "protracted meeting" held a few months later. When this meeting was appointed he formed the opinion that its design was to make a Methodist of him and of several others of similar character—a design which he proposed quietly to defeat by staying away. In this course he persevered for some time, being the more inclined to it because his studies were pressing, and a public examination near. At length, one afternoon, a student whose Christian character had compelled his respect, invited him to go to the meeting appointed for that evening in such a manner that neither politeness nor a sense of courage to investigate truth allowed him to decline. He pledged himself to go. That promise was the turning-point of his destiny. Once made, it suggested a train of reasoning which convinced him that if he was ever to investigate, practically, the truth of the Christian religion, the time had come. This point gained, good thoughts and influences, which had before floated about him without positive results, seemed to focalize in favor of a prompt and right decision of the mysterious questions involving the welfare and destiny of the human soul.

On leaving home for the Seminary he had made a promise to his step-mother that he would read the Bible daily, and to this exercise he had often added the Lord's prayer. Thus, notwithstanding outward levity and the appearance of indifference, the process of preparation for better things had been going on in his heart. So, when the resolution was taken to attend the meeting, it was, before evening, followed by one far higher and more decisive—to make one sincere effort to know and do the will of God. Before entering the Church his mind was made up to put himself in the way of any good influences which might then and there be manifest. The sermon was not specially adapted to his mental condition, and while listening to it he was tempted not to act as he had purposed, lest he should appear to be influenced by what had, in fact, made less impression on him than the kind word of his friend. But a

better thought prevailed, and to the surprise of all who knew him, he was one of the first to go forward and kneel at the altar of prayer as a suppliant for wisdom from on high. From this beginning of a sincere religious life, the most decisive results ensued. Plans of worldly ambition gave way to an ardent desire to live for the glory of God and the welfare of men. Study, instead of being pursued wholly for the pleasure and profit it might bring, was thenceforth most highly valued as an agency of preparation for a life of Christian activity, and the Church, before despised, was regarded with a warm and pure affection. But to his connection with the Church of his choice, his entire circle of relatives objected strongly and perseveringly. He did not, however, on this account, make the slightest deviation from what was clearly the only right path, though he found it sown with thorns.

While yet a student at Lima, and a probationer in the Church, he accepted, as a temporary appointment, the chair of Ancient Languages. After leaving the Seminary he spent his Sophomore year in Hamilton College, where he found himself the sole representative of the Methodist Church. Although still a probationer, he sought out a neighborhood in which a small Church had been organized by "the people called Methodists," and aided them to establish a Sunday-school—this, his first work in the Church, being prophetic of the great service he was to render her ere long in the same field. While at Hamilton College he joined the Church "in full connection," and soon after became impressed with the duty of devoting his life to the Christian ministry and, should Providence open the way, to missionary labor in foreign lands.

The remaining years of his college life were spent at Middletown, Connecticut, where he graduated in 1836, in his twenty-first year—during the Presidency of Dr. Fisk. Among the members of the same class who, with Dr. Kidder, have risen to eminence in the Church, the most noteworthy names are those of our lamented Bishop Clark and Rev. Dr. Bannister, Professor of Exegetical Theology in the Garrett Biblical Institute at Evanston.

EARLY MINISTRY.

Our young graduate had been elected teacher of Ancient Languages in Amenia Seminary previous to leaving college, and in this capacity he labored for some time, but, though interested in literary work, his desire to enter the ministry prevailed, and he resigned his position in the Seminary in favor of his classmate,

Davis W. Clark, afterward Bishop. He now became the junior preacher on the Amenia circuit, having five distinct preaching appointments.

In the Autumn of 1836 he was received into the Genesee Annual Conference, and appointed to Rochester as junior preacher in the two Methodist Churches then organized in that city. A prosperous and interesting year succeeded, so that even his parents came to regard with pleasure the obviously respectable position to which their son had attained as a Methodist preacher. But now ensued a new and still more bitter trial. The missionary spirit which he had cherished, almost from the moment of his conviction that he ought to preach the Gospel, had constantly increased. While a student in the Wesleyan University he had been Corresponding Secretary of the Missionary Lyceum, and had drafted a memorial to the Church and Missionary Board, proposing the organization of a mission in China. That memorial was published, and, ten years later, its propositions were carried into effect. But, in the mean time, no missionary being wanted for China, he accepted a call from South America, and was appointed by Bishop Waugh to go to Rio de Janeiro. This appointment seemed to his father "the most unkindest cut of all." Having by slow degrees consented that his son become a Methodist, and then a preacher, it was a crowning disappointment to have him sent away from home and native land, perhaps forever, and set down face to face with the hardships of a missionary life under a tropical sky.

But even from this greatest trial came a peculiar blessing. While fulfilling the duties of his new calling in the Southern Hemisphere, the son was cheered by the tidings, now almost despaired of, that his father had found the pearl of great price, and was encouraged by words like these from his father's own hand:

"My Dear Son,—I can not tell you how thankful I now am that you have pursued, undeviatingly, your convictions of duty, without turning aside for any objections made by me."

That father subsequently died in the assurance of faith, a member of the Church which the son had early chosen, and in which the aged step-mother still survives.

MISSIONARY LIFE AND INFLUENCE.

The ardor with which the young missionary entered on his labors is strikingly illustrated by a series of articles written for the Christian Advocate in 1837, and signed "Palermo." They are entitled, "Means for the Conversion of the World," and present a singularly clear and

comprehensive view of the Gospel plan in its various applications to the greatest work of which humanity is capable. A "Dialogue between a Christian and Self on the duty of becoming a missionary," also published in the Advocate while he was a student of the University, shows how intelligently he had "counted the cost" before arriving at the great affirmative decision.

In 1836 he married Miss Cynthia H. Russell, of Salisbury, Connecticut, a young lady of fine talents and high Christian character. She, with her sister, was educated at Amenia Seminary, and both accompanied the husband and brother on his missionary voyage in 1837. A time-stained copy of the Christian Advocate thus refers to this interesting trio:

"These are the first-fruits of the literary institutions of our Church in the field of foreign missions, but there is every reason to believe they will not be the last. Could the eye but penetrate futurity and see the results wrought by one such missionary family, what an argument would these furnish for the support of the institutions to which we trace the incipient cause in the series!"

We can do no more than outline the incessant labors of the succeeding years. Their most important feature was a tour of six months from Rio de Janeiro, during which the whole eastern coast of the empire, from San Paulo at the south, to Para on the equator, was thoroughly explored. With the primary object of circulating the Scriptures, in the Portuguese language, the chief cities and important towns were visited, the traveler making himself familiar with the social, civil, moral, and religious condition of the empire, and frequently holding free and full conferences with leading minds of the country. He probably had the honor of preaching the first Protestant sermon upon the bosom of the mighty Amazon, delivering his discourse on the deck of a Brazilian steamer, in the harbor of Para. It is to be feared he has not as yet had numerous successors in his apostolic labors upon these waters.

The results of this journey were subsequently embodied in a valuable and entertaining book entitled, "Sketches of a Residence and Travels in Brazil," which was widely and favorably noticed, both at home and abroad. Many years later it was revised and, with additions from the pen of Rev. J. C. Fletcher, issued from the press of Childs & Peterson, Philadelphia, under the name of "Brazil and the Brazilians." This is an elegantly illustrated volume, and is universally regarded as the best authority extant upon the subject. Much of its contents is

embodied in one of the "Blue Books" of the British Parliament. Mr. Fletcher, in his lectures on Brazil, tells an anecdote that illustrates the more direct results of this missionary journey. Fifteen years after it was performed he became acquainted with a prominent Brazilian gentleman, whom he found an experimental Christian, his life exemplifying the Gospel teachings, which he sought every-where to diffuse, and who, when asked what had produced this great change in his character and creed, answered, "I owe it all to a Bible left with me by *Padre Kidder* many years ago."

But these missionary labors were interrupted by a sad bereavement—the sudden death of Mrs. Kidder, in the twenty-third year of her age, leaving two little children to her husband's care. The precarious health of his infant son rendered unavoidable his immediate return. But though obliged to relinquish his field of labor his missionary zeal has never flagged; and that, though providentially directed into other channels than he had early chosen, it has been of incalculable service to the Church, will be evident to the thoughtful observer of his subsequent career.

The preparation of his work on Brazil, of a book entitled "Mormonism and the Mormons," and the translation of a valuable little volume on clerical celibacy, written by a functionary of the Brazilian Government, in connection with pastoral labors at important stations of the New Jersey Conference, occupied his time from 1840 to 1844. In this interval he married Miss Harrietta Smith, Preceptress of Worthington Seminary, Ohio, a lady whose remarkable talents, great executive abilities, and genuine Christian hospitality have rendered her "a helpmeet" to her husband to a degree rarely seen, even in our favored times; and whose tireless philanthropy has linked her name to institutions which will hold her memory in grateful reverence long after she has closed her beneficent career.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LABORS.

In 1844 Dr. Kidder—we anticipate for convenience the degree conferred a few years later both by M'Kendree College and the Wesleyan University—was elected Editor of Sunday-School Publications and Tracts of the Methodist Episcopal Church and Corresponding Secretary of the Sunday-School Union.

The twelve years of his life passed in the service of the Church in this capacity were of a value that it is hardly possible to overestimate.

He found a collection at once nondescript and meager of Sunday-school books; these he revised and classified, and, in addition, com-

piled and edited eight hundred admirable volumes. He spent a year abroad, selecting from the best English collections; judiciously employed the pens of talented writers, and raised the standard of excellence to a point never before dreamed of in the management of this department of the Church's work. He made the Sunday-School Advocate a paper not more beautiful in its mechanical execution than it was pleasing and instructive in its contents. He prepared—under the supervision of the Book Committee—the standard Catechisms of our Church; and the impetus given to the Sunday-School Department of the Book Concern during his connection with its affairs, was a very tangible proof of the public appreciation of his services.

But our inventory of his labors is only half complete. He was, at the same time, chairman of the committee having in charge our mission in China, and by all the varied and powerful means at his command he sought to increase the missionary spirit and to recruit the missionary ranks among the young people; he promoted the organization of Sunday-school conventions in every Conference; suggested the establishment of normal institutes for Sunday-school teachers, and organized the best system for gathering Sunday-school statistics that has ever been devised.

THEOLOGICAL PROFESSOR AND AUTHOR.

But our Church was to take another step in advance, and it was most natural and most fitting that one who had already been a pioneer in other fields of her vast and growing enterprise, should keep pace with the last and highest expression of her progress.

In 1855 the Garrett Biblical Institute, for students in theology, was founded on the western shore of Lake Michigan, and in 1856 Dr. Kidder was called to its chair of Practical Theology. So he left his pleasant associations at the East and established himself at Evanston, actively bearing his part in the varied public enterprises of the new and thriving community. Here he has spent fifteen years of a life of earnest and effective labor. During this time over five hundred young men have been in attendance, and more than one hundred have graduated from the Institute. Of these, twelve—or one for each year since the first Catalogue was published—have gone as missionaries to foreign lands—seven to India, three to China, one to Denmark, and one to South America.

In addition to the duties of his professorship, the Doctor has prepared and published two valuable volumes since he came to Evanston,

one entitled "Homiletics," which has been republished, with much favor, abroad. It is used as a text-book in many institutions and as a hand-book by our young ministers generally.

The second, published in May of this year, is entitled "The Christian Pastorate," is intended as a companion to its predecessor, and is to the pastor, in his complex round of duties, the same wise and genial counselor that the first-named work is to his hours of pulpit preparation. This last contribution to our literature from Dr. Kidder's skillful pen is of peculiar interest to the student of his biography, from the fact that it presents not the views only, but the actual methods of the author's own pastoral work, and is, more truly than any other of his writings, a reflex of his habits of study and of labor.

The singularly varied and eminently successful life of Dr. Kidder, has been marked by unremitting industry. Yet, unlike most men with a genius for hard work, he never seems to be even tempted to go to extremes. "Without haste, without rest," while the briefest, is also the most adequate possible expression of his methods of study and of labor. To enter upon an analysis of the character or to attempt an estimate of the public services of Dr. Kidder would be premature, and the judicial character of such a proceeding would ill accord with the spirit of this article. It would, however, be doing violence to the spontaneous admiration with which one prominent trait of his character has ever inspired the present modest biographer, were that trait to be passed over in silence. Unhappily it is not of such frequency in those whose exhausting mental pursuits are, perhaps, an apology for their proverbial "nervousness," as to divest its mention of a quite refreshing novelty.

I refer to the sweetness of manner and of disposition that characterize the home-life of my honored friend. To those brought nearest him by ties of blood or sympathy, those most dependent on him for encouragement and help, he unvaryingly displays a gentleness of manner, of word, and of deed, that command the loftiest esteem of all who are cognizant of them. There are deeds recorded of him in the secret annals of living hearts, as well as of those that have long since ceased to beat, which for gentleness and delicacy might shame the knights of old, and, after all, it is such memories as these that shed a sweeter fragrance than the widest fame.

Before submitting this imperfect sketch to some future chronicler—who shall record, let us all hope, a long and prosperous history as

yet unwritten because un-lived—it remains for us to note the most recent event of his varied career.

He has, within a few weeks, resigned the chair of Practical Theology in our Institute at Evanston, to accept the same position—made vacant by the death of the beloved M'Clinck—to in Drew Theological Seminary, at Madison, New Jersey.

"Why do you leave us?" was our recent regretful exclamation, standing by his writing-table in that pleasant library of his, where he has spent so many studious years.

He laid down his pen and answered thoughtfully:

"Well, you know I am an advocate of the itinerant system of our Church, and have never been averse to its application in my own case. Of course I have regrets at leaving so pleasant a field of labor, but this is only one of those which need to be cultivated in the common interest of the Church. I came here for work, and having accomplished what I could, I am ready to go elsewhere in response to a legitimate call; not expecting to cherish any the less the friends I leave behind, nor doubting that there is equally important work to be done on the Atlantic coast, and in the more populous regions where my earlier ministerial life was spent."

May the kind Providence which has ever been mindful of him and of his family, attend them in the future as in the past!

THE BERMUDA ISLANDS.

SECOND PAPER.

HAVING in a former paper written briefly of the discovery of the Somers' Islands through storm and shipwreck, and of the original settlement by "the Virginia Company," let us now proceed to describe the formation of the islands, and the beautiful sea views they present.

The formation is geologically of pure coral limestone. In the untold by-gone ages, that marvelous zoöphyte, which evidently loves the warm seas of the tropics—the coral insect—laid the shelving foundations of its superstructure on the unknown crests and ridges of submarine mountains, and building slowly but surely, as if for eternity, gradually lifted up the outspreading masses toward the surface. In Tahiti we are told there is to-day a specimen revealed of the wonderful workshop of these myriad builders—a mountain upheaved by some subaqueous force, bearing upon its brow and ridges a coro-

net of coral crags and madrepores, filled in with soil, and hillocks, and shrubbery. Various sea flora grew upon the edges of the reefs, and were swayed hither and thither by the gurgling tides, while whole families of shell-fish lived and died in the pools of clearest water. The dashing waves broke the madrepores into pieces, and ground the shells to powder upon the surface, thus furnishing the sands to be blown by the winds up into hillocks, and over and down on the other side into vales, which determine the outline of the Bermudian formation—hillocks and vales—hillocks and vales to the end. Besides the water, saturated with carbonate of lime, spread layers of binding stalactite, at the distance of an inch or two apart, over the surface. To an eye that might have beheld the formation in process at this period it must have appeared drear and barren indeed—not a tree, not a shrub, not a blade of grass to cast its cooling shadow upon the blinding sand or heated rock; not a bird to send its note of joy and gladness across the waste of waters, or vary the ceaseless surge and boom of the billows!

But in the long, long by and by "the still small voice" of God spake, and behold, the strong, broad "gulf-stream" was loosed and came rolling onward, bearing on its swelling current beds of algæ or sea-weed, to be heaved upon the reefs, and various seeds of sea-side plants to spring up out of the detritus of rocks and sands. Sea grasses, too, with their great roots, took hold upon the loose sands; the bay-bean or cliff convolvulus spread out its verdure, or displayed its pink blossoms over the shifting plain; the sea lavender, with its pale flowers, sought to soften the hardness of the rocks, and the mangrove and the blackwood began to fringe the shores, and spread their network of roots over the shallows. Meantime, in the lapse of years or of ages, the decay of the humbler vegetation, mixing itself with the corrosion of shells and the disintegration of rocks, was accumulating a layer of vegetable mold, out of which were springing superior forms of growth. Flocks of gulls, too, and other species of water-fowl, now found rest for the soles of their feet, and sheltered bays in which they might pursue their finny prey and cool their ruffled plumage. The berries of the juniper, brought over by the washing tides, out of which grew up, in time, the forests of Bermudian cedar, as they are called, which cover the valleys and hill-sides of the Bermudas, wherever the hand of cultivation has not thinned or removed them, must also, at about this era, have begun to spring up; and strange, bright birds from the main-land, blown off by storms, or following their instincts, to

seek, on the approach of Winter, a more genial clime, must have, for the first, appeared in beautiful contrast with the dark brush of the cedar, pouring their lay of thanksgiving through the opening glades!

This process of formation is proceeding, at the present, along the more sheltered southern shore of the islands. The sands are all the while rising above the reef surfaces; these the winds carry up over the tops of the shore-line regulation, burying it beneath the hillocks, which are all the time forming and rolling their tops over and down into the vales. The waters, likewise, as they linger on the surface, or percolate through the sands, are laying on the stalactite, which helps to bind the white particles into porous sandstone. The northern shores of the islands are more exposed to the severe storms and dashing billows, and hence are, little by little, receding before "the wear and tear" of the elements, while the ragged, jagged cliffs are being undermined and formed into sometimes spacious and resounding caverns.

The islands are literally hundreds in number, but the great majority of them are too small to be inhabited, being nothing more or better than the crests of shelving coral reefs, clothed, however, with the peculiar verdure common to such formations, and they do look, in the clear, calm seas, like emerald gems on the breast of beauty! The largest of the group, and also the islands which are populated, are St. George's, St. David's, Bermuda proper, Somerset, and Ireland. The third of this number, by far the largest, and from which the entire group takes the name, is more than equal in extent to all the others united, and is hence, sometimes, honored with the name of Continent. Naturally, they are separated from one another by narrow channels, and, artificially, are united by bridges, ferries, and causeways; but, taken all together, the extreme length is not over thirty miles, while the breadth nowhere exceeds three. In shape they resemble, as they lie upon the waters, a shepherd's crook, stretching in a somewhat curved line from north-east to south-west. The principal islands which have just been mentioned are gathered around three sounds or inland seas, with snugger harbors running up into the land; namely, Castle Harbor, Harrington Sound, and Great Sound, while the smaller ones ride coquettishly over all the mirroring seas. All around the islands is a fringe of reefs reaching out but to a short distance on the southern side, but extending perhaps ten or twelve miles out in the northerly direction. These reefs or rocks are, for the most part, covered by the tranquil sea, but now and then

they come to the surface, causing the waves to fret and foam against them; and, as in the past, so also at the present, though not so frequently, noble vessels, driven by northerly gales, find themselves striking and foundering amid these hidden and dangerous corals, while the boats struggle against the tempest and breakers to reach in safety the rock-bound coast. These islands lie in the Atlantic Ocean, about seven hundred miles south-east from New York, in the latitude of Charleston or Savannah, $32^{\circ} 24'$ north, and in longitude $63^{\circ} 28'$ west. In the calmer weather the wavelets of the Atlantic flowing toward the shore break upon this line of reefs, as the winds upon the chords of some Æolian harp, and send their soothing murmurs onward over the islands; but when the north-east storms arise, then the billows dash upon the reefs and break over them, while the roar of their thunder is heard every-where, and the "white caps" upon the hurrying waves give a beautiful and animated appearance to the surface of the dark-blue sounds! Away out at sea the water is of a deep blue, but as it approaches the land, being modified by the reflection from the white sand of the bottom, it becomes of a lighter hue; passing into the coves, under shelter of the cliffs, it catches the green of the foliage, and is as calm and clear as a sea of glass; and as you look down upon it from the cliffs above, it is so perfectly transparent that you are in doubt for a moment if there is really any sea covering the snowy sands which lie so softly at the bottom, in the very curves impressed by the little waves.

These sounds and shores, and bays and rocks, are filled and clothed upon with sea fauna and flora of many and beautiful varieties; and the transparent, tell-tale waters have no secrets to conceal. Floating along in your skiff, and looking down through fathoms of water, you see the mussels, and oysters, and scallops, and dark sea-puddings, lying quietly on the bottom; and the crabs and the lobsters crawling along or running for safety to their holes; or some great rock-fish, leaving his cavern-home for a swim through the sound; or schools of gray snappers, with their bright eyes wide open, still and attentive as though waiting for some alarm; or other species of fish floating half-way between the surface and the bottom, motionless as though fixed in amber, save that, once in a while, the tail or a fin is just moved by the tide!

Over the reefs are floated small beds of the Gulf weed, the homes of nimble little crabs, and beautiful little shell-fish, on which the frigate-bird, and the snow-white tropic-bird, and the stormy-petrel delight to feed. These beds

of algæ are finely thrown up upon the rocky beach, and thence gathered and spread as manure upon the soil. Specimens of the Portuguese man-of-war—a transparent mollusk, tipped with blue, and sailing along with gay streamers, serving as a kind of oars, upon the tide—are entangled among this drift. Exquisitely delicate species of the sea-weed, of the richest hues, are also gathered, and spread out by tender fingers, upon the pages of paper books, prepared for the purpose; and these, when pressed sufficiently, show pictures of little shrubs, as perfectly finished and beautiful as could be produced by finest touch of the pencil.

On the reefs and around their edges are growing delicate sea-lichens, and fans of most beautiful tints, and sea-rods swayed by the tides; corals of various forms are also visible through the pure sea—brain-stones, and cup, and star, and finger corals, with madrepores; while mosses cover the rocks, and empurpled polyps and limpets cling to them. Sea-urchins also are there, with their myriad spires; and anemones in bunches, their delicate fronds tipped with pink, or else they unfold themselves in variegated flower-circles on the sands, only awaiting, however, a touch to crumple up like withered leaves. The waters, finally, flow up into shallow bays and inlets, over sandy bottoms, all covered with sea-plants in patches of various colors, while around the edges are sea-daisies, and mushrooms, and the merman's shaving-brush.

On the margins of these sounds are to be found strange pools, the water being so deep and clear, of a pale azure, answering back to the rise or fall of the outside tides in the sounds or farther-off sea. One of these, known commonly by the unneuphonious name of "Devil's Hole," but also more poetically and appropriately by the designation "Neptune's Grotto," is a curiosity in its way. The proprietor has inclosed it by a high wall, with gate and key, so that a fee of a shilling is expected before admittance is gained; but on entering you are both surprised and pleased. Limestone crags surround you, softened by sea-lavender and golden rods, and sloping down into the clear, blue waters. The shelves beneath the surface are covered with sea-plants, and look like natural settees or sofas. There are, also, smaller side pools slanting away under the cliffs. In one of these is a solitary shark sunk to the bottom, solitary, because of his unsocial proclivity to bite, and tear, and devour; in others are groups, a large, fine, table fish, swimming in and out, appearing and disappearing; and in the main, deep pool, are scores of these same

gentlemen, which have been caught in the fishing season and put into the pool, to be kept, and fed, and fattened, and sold when the article is out of market. And fat, lazy fellows they are, swimming to the surface and opening their great mouths to breathe freely, or catch, like dogs, pieces of food thrown to them. And watching them in the side pools or in the central one, you may learn how easily and profoundly fish do fall asleep in their rocky homes; for these groupers deliberately swim up to the coral couches, spread over with verdure, and stretching themselves out on their sides, fall instantly into profound slumbers, as though their worldly cares were all settled, or else they had none. On first entering the grotto, I saw some of these lazy creatures lying flat on their sides, and instantly concluding they were dead, asked why they had not been removed; but finding myself only laughed at, I touched one or two of them with a long rod, when immediately they darted away as though shot at. But among these ugly creatures, swimming quickly in and out, are twenty beautiful "angel-fish," as beautiful after their kind as the very angels may be. They are not a large, but light and delicate fish, sometimes, however, nearly a foot long—the body is of a fine blue; the side-fins like lovely butterflies, of different colors on either side; the dorsal fins tipped with richest yellow; the tail semi-lunar in shape, and from its extremities go out long golden feelers floating on the tides. The eyes are bright and the mouths are nicely shaped, and it is truly pleasing to see these pretty creatures swim up to the plants, in the coral gardens, and nip off the buds and leaves. Why the groupers do not devour these angel-fish it may be hard to tell, unless it is that the love of the beautiful in them is stronger than the love of fish, or more probably because there is something in the curving shape and dorsal fins of these angels not easily mastered by groupers' mouths.

There are curious caves about the Bermudas, indicating, perhaps, a subsidence of the land, at some time, which thing may be also suggested by appearances about the sounds. Through the roofs of these caves, the water holding the carbonate of lime, has percolated, depositing the lime, layer upon layer, until stalactites and stalagmites have been formed above and below. The formation thus produced is very hard, and when portions of it are removed and cut into pieces for various ornaments, known as "petrified water," they admit of a fine high polish. In the ponds neighboring to these caves may be noticed another beautiful fish, known as "the parrot fish." The body is of glittering green, the head and

neck of a bright morocco, with a kind of variegated crest extending to the mouth, which is hooked like a parrot's bill.

It must be easy to believe, after what has been written, that these quiet, limpid inland seas afford excellent opportunities for boat-sailing and racing, while the cedars upon the hills afford the finest material for building the boats. "The Royal Bermuda Yacht Club," of which the late lamented Prince Albert was patron, has been in existence for many years, ever and anon preparing races for the amusement of the people and improvement in yacht building. The scene, on these occasions, has been most animated—the yachts, with their white, swelling canvas, careening to the breeze and seeming to fly over the rippling waters; the interested and excited spectators standing on the bluffs and the little islands, beckoning the contestants on; the row and sailing boats filled with friends and relatives, all gay with life and pleasure; and the bright flags of the boats and yachts flying from stem and stern, and peak and mast-head.

At almost any time, by day or by night, it is charming to ascend any of the many Bermudian hills and overlook the sea scenery below and beyond—the beautifully tinted and shaded waters flowing gracefully around the headlands, and up into the broader bays, and away up into the narrower inlets; then gathering themselves, with a gurgle, around the green-clad islands, which rest so contentedly upon their bosom, looking down so smilingly, as it were, into the crystal depths, reflecting every crag, every plant, every lichen, even the lone heron standing on the sea-covered coral watching and waiting patiently for his prey. And the flaming sunsets go right down into the sea, sending up to the zenith their long, fading streamers—as if there stood angels in the sun, whose bright, two-edged swords flashed out their brightness on every side; and the sun, the moon, and the twinkling stars seem to love to mirror themselves in these clear, beautiful waters, sometimes making long lines of quivering milky ways, sometimes patches of golden seas in the blue expanse, and then again seeming to smile at the sight of their own bright images dancing away down in the azure depths.

RELIGION is, in an eminent degree, the science of the heart, and he who does not receive it into his heart studies it to very little purpose. Every Christian ought, therefore, to study with the heart, as well as with the head; letting light and heat increase with an equal progression, and mutually assist each other.

The Children's Repository.

A STORY ABOUT BUTTERFLIES.

LAST Summer all the boys and girls around Glenwood were wild after bugs and butterflies. At the County Fair, that was to come in the Fall, there was to be a premium for the finest collection made by any one under fourteen. The school children all had their butterfly nets and their boxes of strange bugs. Every day almost they compared their treasures, and Ally Alcot, the mayor's daughter, was envied of all for the half dozen rare ones an uncle had brought her from Mexico.

Of all the workers Janie Thorn was most earnest. Her mother was poor, and little Janie could not go to school with the others. She was nurse-maid for a rich lady in the town, and her only chance to get butterflies was when she took little Fred and Ervin into the large wood near Mrs. Day's house. Then, while the children sat under the trees, she could sometimes, with her net, secure a prize. Very proud and careful was she of those in a box in her little room. Saturday nights she could go home, and then she and brother Ted compared their collections. When the Summer was over the two were to be put together, and Janie was already planning to save from her small wages enough for a frame as handsome as Ally Alcot would have on hers. As for the premium they hoped to gain, it had been spent twenty times over, and Janie was not yet quite sure whether a shawl or a dress for her mother would be the best use for her share.

Janie's mistress had a handsome house, a number of servants, and many friends. At the end of the long, bright Summer, a little party of friends and relations came to visit her. The house was filled with gayly dressed people. Evenings, sitting drowsily in the nursery, Janie heard sweet music and sweeter laughter. Through the long Summer days there were picnics and croquet parties in the woods, and sometimes, as she went on errands through the house, she met beautiful ladies. Of them all she liked Miss Maud best, partly because she was prettiest of all, partly because she always smiled and spoke to her. Little Janie, afar off, worshiped the proud beauty, and was only too happy when sometimes, of an evening, she was called to help Miss Maud dress.

One bright day in September Janie was alone in the woods. The children were riding with their mamma, and she had slipped out to count over her treasures again. They lay on her white apron, a mass of gold and brown, black and crimson, two great *cecropias*, that Ted had with great care raised from cocoons, crowning the whole. Miss Maud, walking through the park alone, saw her, and, thinking how pretty she looked, came up to her.

"What have you there, little Janie?" she said. "O, what beauties!"

"They are mine," Janie answered, and was too shy at first to tell what they were for. Miss Maud looked and admired, and, won by her interest, the little girl explained. But the lady hardly heard. She had so many other things on her mind; she was going away soon, and so much was to be done. So, after a little, she walked away, a picture to Janie in her fluttering muslin, the sunlight filtering down through the trees on the bent, proud head.

A week later, as Janie was leaving the nursery for a breath of cool air—the children being asleep—Miss Maud called her to her room. "If you're not busy, please help me," she said, as Janie paused shyly in the door-way. "I am late, and in a hurry," and as she spoke she laid out the dress she was to wear, a soft cloud of black lace, over which Janie drew a long breath of delight.

"You like it," Miss Maud said, smiling. "If I only had some ornaments suitable. Nothing but flowers, and I've worn them till I'm tired. And I wanted to put on my emeralds to-night. Open that drawer—there—fasten this. Are n't they lovely?" She blushed so as she opened the jewel-case that Janie guessed her secret at once.

"Have n't you any thing else?" she asked with sudden shy sympathy as she helped Miss Maud into her dress.

"Nothing, but it's no matter. Go get me some flowers, please—scarlet, of course." She shut the jewel-case slowly and turned to her dressing.

But on the threshold Janie paused. She remembered that, as Miss Maud had admired her hoarded butterflies, she had put them in her hair and on her breast, and in her loving heart sprang the thought of using them.

"Could you wear my butterflies? You said the other day that they would be pretty to wear."

Not till the words had passed her lips did she think what it would mean if they were taken. They would be ruined, and the fair was the next week. But she did not hesitate.

"Your butterflies! Why, yes, I suppose so. But you want them yourself."

"You may have them if you like," and Janie ran for her box and emptied its treasures before the beauty.

"These will be perfect," she cried, deftly picking out the largest and brightest of them, and putting them in her dark hair, on her breast, her shoulders, her belt. "Put some down on the skirt to loop it," she went on. "If I make a sensation to-night, little Janie, it will be your fault. Now this great beauty for my fan. I wonder if they could be put on my sash—or my slippers. There, thank you ever so much."

As Janie retreated, with long admiring glances at the beautiful girl, Mrs. Day entered. "Ready, Maud? Where did you get those?"

"From Janie. She has a box of them. Are they not lovely? Fortunately I've not to dance to-night, or my glory would soon be gone."

"It will be now, I'm afraid. Roses would have been better."

"Only I'm tired of them, and there were none. This is something odd."

"Yes. No one but you would dare wear them."

And with that the two ladies went down stairs together, leaving Janie to repent. "But I should n't have had the premium, it's probable, any way," she thought. "And perhaps I can save enough for mother's shawl some other way."

She stole into Miss Maud's room the next morning, while the beauty was sleeping away the fatigue of the party, only to find on the dressing-table a heap of broken butterflies—not one perfect one left of those she had given. And those left in the box were only the common ones. The golden-brown kings, the royal cecropias were gone.

"O, Janie," Miss Maud said, half waking and seeing her there, "your butterflies were so much admired. Mr. Cook, who knows all about such things, and has been in South America, said two of them were very rare. And I begged some from his collection—he has a large one, he says—for you, to make up for those spoiled ones. He is coming to call to-day, perhaps."

So virtue had its reward, after all. But Miss Maud might have forgotten her promise but

for the broken one on her fan. It lay on the parlor table when Mr. Cook called, and, reminded by it, Miss Maud claimed her promised gift. Next day she gave Janie a dozen rare butterflies—magnificent things that made the rest of the collection seem faded and mean. Janie and Ted mounted them, and then Miss Maud insisted on buying a handsome frame for them, and on going herself to the fair and pointing them out to the Committee of premiums.

And the end of it was that Janie won the blue ribbon, and felt herself almost too happy when she carried home to her mother the nice Winter shawl she had bought. But best of all had been her pure pleasure in giving. Nevertheless, I do n't advise my little friends to make butterfly collections.

A TASTE FOR "HIGH LIVING."

"DO N'T go home to your dinner to-day, Almira," said a school-mate to her friend.

"Just see how the rain is pouring down. We'll all share our lunch with you. Let's see what I have. Here is one of mother's little raspberry tarts, and I am sure you are welcome to a sandwich if you will have it."

"And you may have one of my buns and this apple," said another, investigating her little willow basket.

"Here is a 'Black Spanish' egg, Myra, as white as a snow-ball. I know you like boiled eggs; you so often have them at recess. Come, stay with us, and we'll have the nicest time in Miss Temple's recitation-room. It is always so cozy there, and I do love to watch the rain dripping down from those grand old maples."

"I am much obliged to you all, girls, but I prefer going home. I have my water-proof and rubbers. We are to have a roast turkey for dinner, filled with oysters, and Charlotte Russe for dessert. I would n't miss my dinner for twice as hard a rain," and Myra began to draw on her rubbers.

The girls said no more, as they well knew it was useless to offer their slight inducement when such a magnet as roast turkey pulled so powerfully the other way.

"Well, you think more of a hot dinner than I do," said Clara Davis, looking out on the weather with a shrug. "I'd be content with a cold slice from the turkey when I got home to-night."

"But what about the oysters?" asked Almira with intense emphasis. "You could not eat *them* cold, could you?" and she felt she had made a most triumphant argument.

"O, I should not care especially about them," said Clara indifferently.

"Well, all I can say is, that tastes differ," said Myra emphatically, as she adjusted her cloak; "and now I am ready for my walk."

So saying she set out down the drenched street, little heeding the floods that were pouring down upon her. To eat and drink was the great business of life with Almira Evans. It would have shocked a person of fastidious taste in these matters to see the amount of rich food the girl could dispose of at a meal. The cook-book had been her mother's study from childhood up, so it was doubtless an inherited taste. Mr. Evans's income was ample, and, as he was an active man with good health, he made no objection whatever to the "good living" his wife saw fit to provide. Indeed, he felt himself quite fortunate in having a wife so "capable" in this respect.

The little Almira possessed a mind fitted for something better. She had in her the elements of a good scholar, and a fine, intelligent girl socially. But the epicurean habits cultivated in her from infancy were fast spoiling her. The person who does nothing but eat and drink soon loses all his fine lines, both of face and character. She was degenerating into a mere judge of spices and styles of cooking. In these her knowledge was most profound, and if a medal was to be given for that branch of education at school, she would have been sure to have won it. As it was, however, she had little to do with prizes except to look at them rather curiously and ill-naturedly in the hands of her companions. Still the poor, foolish girl prided herself highly on her superior knowledge in the culinary art. She never suspected that it was not the highest ambition for a woman to aspire to. Her mother was her standard, and hearing little from morning till night when at home but discussions on the subject, she very naturally fell into the delusion of placing the table as the matter of first importance in life.

The effect on her moral nature was most disastrous. She grew grasping and penurious with regard to her liberal supply of spending money, and was always contriving to extort "a little more" from her ease-loving father, who, to "gain peace," usually yielded to her teasing. Almost every dime went into the confectioner's money-drawer. She was willing in all weathers to take a long walk that she might purchase of her favorite dealer, and was exceedingly choice in her selections of sweets. She looked with contempt on a girl who could eat a common mint candy, or a "three-cent orange" and fancy they were nice. She possessed a more "cultivated

taste," and took great pride in her superiority. Not one penny would Almira give from her handsome *porte-monnaie* for a work of charity, and she joined very grudgingly in any little schemes of the girls, like making a present to a favorite teacher, or buying a beautiful picture to hang on the school-room wall. "She could n't afford it." Her contribution was always too trifling to be of much use. Worse still, her avarice often led her into downright dishonesty. But as it was only toward her father she practiced it, her conscience gave her no trouble. If a new school-book was wanted, she was sure to over-state the price, and put the difference in her purse. Such a system once begun, and it became a regular custom in every thing. O, when we once begin this deadly work of deceiving, it speedily undermines all that is holy and honorable in the character. "Lying lips are an abomination unto the Lord."

As Almira grew up to womanhood she was never a favorite in society. Her selfishness increased with her self-indulgence. Her skill in culinary matters was seldom displayed except for her own gratification. She could never be counted on to do any thing handsome at festival times or picnic excursions. As a consequence many merry-makings came off without her presence. It was not pleasant, to say the least, to see her criticising so sharply the fruits of other people's industry. Indeed, the most delicious fruits that grew would have been much improved in her eyes if they had grown already conserved with sugar and spices. Simplicity in any form was most distasteful to her vitiated taste.

Nature can not always endure such a perversion of her powers. The time came when the penalty must be paid, and heavy indeed was the tax imposed. A stomach which for years had been overstrained, overloaded, and overheated with hot spices, became like a drunkard's stomach, unable to perform its tasks. It required to be goaded on with whip and spur like a jaded, worn-out horse. Almira resorted to this and that nostrum advertised as "a certain cure for dyspepsia," always taking care to choose those which required "no dieting." But all would not answer. The tortures she was obliged to endure were far greater than the pleasures which had flowed from her former indulgence. Now, while her appetite remained as craving as before, she was obliged often to limit herself for days to a brown biscuit and glass of water. Life was robbed of every thing that had ever made it bright to her. She had no resources to fall back upon; no literary tastes that could solace her hours of suffering; no

schemes of practical benevolence to which she could turn as an alleviation to her misery. Worse than all, she had no consolation in religion to cheer her lonely hours of pain. Hopeless alike for this world and the next, surely it was paying too dear for such self-indulgence.

Shun the beginnings of such a career. Content yourself with simple, wholesome diet, and curb a craving after what is commonly termed "high living." The highest perfection can be joined with the greatest simplicity, and it is these simple, wholesome enjoyments that never pall on the taste.

A PRECIOUS GIFT.

THERE was jubilee in the little parlor at Mr. Grey's. Miss Mary's Sunday-school class had come to tea, and to receive a Bible each for having read it through during the past year.

Miss Mary stood by, looking on with a pleased smile, and when, adjectives and admiration marks well-nigh exhausted, they turned with beaming smiles and bright intelligent eyes to thank her, she said, "Well, my dear girls, I am very glad they please you. You know you earned them fairly; yet I think you will enjoy them none the less for that; and I trust the habit you have formed of reading the Scriptures daily will remain with you through life."

"O, we will read some every day, won't we, girls?" said the talkative Lizzie Brooks.

"Yes," said Maria Ives, "of course we will. We have been so used to it all the year we can not help remembering it now."

"Very well. I do not care to have you promise to read every day, but I would like to have you try never to neglect doing it; and if you sincerely try I know you will succeed. While I was selecting your Bibles a gentleman came in and asked the clerk who was waiting on me, 'if Jimmy's Bible had come yet.'

"Yes, sir," said the young man, "it came last evening, and we should have sent it round, but thought perhaps you would prefer to come and look at it before taking it."

"Yes, yes," replied the gentleman, "that was right; but we are very glad it has come. We wished it for a birthday gift, and were so late in ordering it that we feared it might not come in season. How much is it?" he asked, as he drew out his pocket-book.

"Sixty dollars, sir."

"Sixty dollars, Miss Grey! Why, was it made of gold?" broke in Lizzie.

"What did make it cost so much? It must have been all velvet and gold," said Maria.

"And full of pictures besides," suggested Annie Green.

"O, do wait, girls, and let Miss Grey tell us about it," exclaimed the oldest half impatiently, adding, in parenthesis, "I'll have one some day, when I'm rich, and I want to hear about it."

"I trust, my dear girls, you will none of you ever need such a Bible as that," said Miss Mary, without her usual sweet smile.

"O, but it is so nice to have such splendid books. Father gave mother an elegant volume of poems for Christmas, with great heavy covers, and pictures on tinted paper in it. It almost covers the little quartette table in the corner of the parlor, and surely, Miss Grey, we may have as handsome Bibles as books of poems."

"The binding of this Bible was very substantial, but not as gay as you seem to think it must have been, and I do not believe there were any pictures in it. The paper was very thick, but not tinted, and there was no ink used about the printing at all."

"How strange!"

"Hush, Annie Green, let us hear all about it."

Miss Mary went on: "The clerk wrapped up the precious book carefully, and the gentleman paid out the money for it with a very happy look, saying as he did so, 'Jimmy will be the happiest boy in the city now.'

"When he had gone out the clerk answered my inquiring look by remarking, 'Jimmy is a little blind boy, Mr. Steele's only son. He has been to Sunday-school for two years past, learning his lesson by having it repeated over and over to him; but his mother has just taught him to read with his fingers, and he has wished again and again that he could have a Bible all his own, so they have planned this pleasant surprise for his sixth birthday.'"

"O, how I should like to see how the reading looked!" exclaimed one of the girls, a wish that was speedily re-echoed by the rest.

"I thought perhaps you would," said Miss Mary, as she unclasped a portfolio on the table, and drew from it a thick piece of paper like a card, with "Our Father" in raised characters upon it, "and so I purchased this little copy of the Lord's prayer to show you."

"And now, my dear girls," Miss Mary continued, in an earnest, animated tone, "I do not believe any one of you ever thought to thank God for your eyes; but will you not, when you open these Bibles, think of little blind Jimmy, and those sightless eyes of his, and thank God that you can see to read his precious Word?"

THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

Gatherings of the Month.

FASHIONABLE WOMEN OF THE PERIOD.—Among the many odd products of a mature civilization, the fashionable woman is one of the oddest. From first to last, she is a thoroughly amazing spectacle; and if we take human life in any earnestness at all, whether individually, as a passage to an eternal existence, the condition of which depends upon what we are here, or collectively, as the highest things we know, we can only look in blank astonishment at the fashionable woman and her career. She is the one sole capable member of the human family without duties and without useful occupation; the one sole being who might be swept out of existence altogether without deranging the nice arrangement of things, or upsetting the ordained balance. We know of no other organic creation of which this could be said; but the fashionable woman is not as other creatures, being, fortunately, *sui generis*, and of a type not existing elsewhere. If we take the mere ordering of her days and the employment of her time as the sign of her mental state, we may, perhaps, measure to a certain extent, but not fully, the depth of the inanity into which she has fallen, and the immensity of her folly. Considering her a being with the potentiality of reason, of usefulness, and of thought, the actual result is surely the saddest and the strangest thing under heaven.

Dress, dissipation, and flirtation make up the questionable lines which inclose nothing useful, nothing good, nothing deep, or true, or holy. Her piety is a pastime; her art is the poorest pretense; her pleasure consists only in hurry and excitement, alternating with debasing sloth and heartless coquetry or in lawless indulgence as nature made her more vain or more sensual. As wife she fulfills no wifely duty in any grand or loving sense, for the most part regarding her husband only as a banker or an adjunct, according to the terms of her marriage settlement; as a mother she is a stranger to her children, to whom nurse and governess supply her place, and give such poor make-shift for maternal love as they are enabled or inclined. In no domestic relation is she of the smallest value, and of none in any social circumstance besides the mere adorning of a room—if she is pretty—and the help she gives to trade through her expenditure. She lives only in the gaslight, and her nature at last becomes as artificial as her habits.

As years go on, and she changes from the acknowledged belle to the *femme passe*, she goes through a

period of frantic endeavor to retain her youth; and even when time has clutched her with too firm a hand to be shaken off, and she begins to feel the infirmities which she still puts out all her strength to conceal, even then she grasps at the departing shadow, and fresh daubs the crumbling ruin, in the belief that the world's eyes are dim, and that stucco may pass for marble for another year or two longer. Or she becomes a Belgravian mother, with daughters to sell to the highest bidder; and then the aim of her life is to secure the purchaser. Her daughters are never objects of real love with the fashionable woman. They are essentially her rivals; and the idea of carrying on her life in theirs, of forgetting herself in them, occurs to her only as a forecast of death. Even from her sons she shrinks, rather than not, as living evidence of the lapse of time which she can not deny, and awkward at fixing dates; and there is not a home presided over by a fashionable woman where the family is more than a mere name, a mere social convention loosely held together by circumstances, not by love.

THE FEAR OF DEATH.—Men fear death, as children fear to go in the dark; and as that natural fear in children is increased with tales, so is the other. Certainly the contemplation of death as the wages of sin and the passage to another world is holy and religious; but the fear of it, as a tribute due unto nature, is weak. Yet in religious meditations there is sometimes a mixture of vanity and of superstition. You shall read in some of the friars' books of mortification, that a man should think with himself what the pain is, if he have but his fingers' ends pressed or tortured, and thereby imagine what the pains of death are when the whole body is corrupted and dissolved; when many times death passeth with less pain than the torture of a limb; for the most vital parts are not the quickest of sense. And by him that spake only as a philosopher and natural man, it was well said, "The pomp of death is more feared than death itself." Groans and convulsions, and a discolored face, and friends weeping, and blacks, and obsequies, and the like, show death terrible.

It is worthy the observing, that there is no passion in the mind of man so weak but it mates and masters the fear of death; and, therefore, death is no such terrible enemy, when a man hath so many attendants about him that can win the combat of him. Re-

venge triumphs over death; love slights it; honor aspireth to it; grief dieth to it; fear pre-occupieth it; nay, we read, after Otho the Emperor had slain himself, pity, which is the tenderest of affections, provoked many to die, out of mere compassion to their sovereign, and as the truest sort of followers. . . .

It is as natural to die as to be born; and to a little infant, perhaps, the one is as painful as the other. He that dies in an earnest pursuit, is like one that is wounded in hot blood, who, for the time, scarce feels the hurt; and, therefore, a mind fixed and bent upon somewhat that is good, doth avert the dolours of death; but, above all, believe it, the sweetest canticle is, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace."—*Lord Bacon.*

EVEN-TIDE.—In that hour which of all the twenty-four is most emblematic of heaven, and suggestive of repose, the even-tide, in which Isaac instinctively went into the fields to meditate—when the work of the day is done, when the mind has ceased its tensions, when the passions are lulled to rest, in spite of themselves, by the spell of the quiet, star-lit sky—it is then, amid the silence of the lull of all the lower parts of our nature that the soul comes forth to do its work. Then the peculiar, strange work of the soul, which the intellect can not do—meditation begins. Awe, and worship, and wonder are in full exercise; and love begins then in its purest form of mystic adoration, and pervasive and undefined tenderness—separated from all that is coarse and earthly—swelling as if it would embrace all in its desire to bless, and lose itself in the sea of the love of God. This is the rest of the soul—the exercise and play of all the noble powers.

THE LITTLE GRAVE.—Poor old Joe was an ugly old man; indeed, nearly every body called him "Ugly Joe." The older people used him as a kind of scarecrow for their children, so that the poor little things ran off whenever he came near. But this was a great pity, for poor old Joe was as harmless as they were, and dearly loved little children. Often he tried to coax them to him, but they would have nothing to do with the poor old man. So one day he went up to the grave-yard, and lying by itself he found a neglected little grave, with no little stone to tell who lay beneath, and overgrown with weeds. Carefully old Joe pulled up every weed, then sodded the little grave with fresh, green grass, and brought sweet wild flowers and planted them. Every day he spent much time upon it, till he seemed to love that little grave; and one morning he was found lying close beside it, with his arm stretched out above it, cold and dead; for poor old Joe had gone where there would be many to love him, and they buried his body close beside the little grave he had loved.

A day or so after old Joe was buried, a lady and gentleman came to the village. They were the parents of the child who slept beneath the little grave. They had left the village some years before, too poor to buy a little tombstone to place above their child's grave, but had now come back wealthy. They were

surprised when they saw the little grave so well taken care of, and the mother wept when she heard the story of old Joe. And over his grave they placed a beautiful monument, with these words engraved upon it:

"He will beautify the meek with salvation."

And in the resurrection day may we all be as beautiful as old Joe will be!

HOW TO JUDGE GOOD BOOKS.—Would you know whether the tendency of a book be good or evil, examine in what state of mind you lay it down. Has it induced you to suspect that what you have been accustomed to think unlawful may, after all, be innocent, and that may be harmless which you have hitherto been taught to think dangerous? Has it tended to make you dissatisfied and impatient under the control of others, and disposed you to relax in that self-government without which laws of God and man tell us there can be no virtue, and consequently no happiness? Has it attempted to bate your admiration and reverence for what is great and good, and to diminish in you the love of your country and your fellow-creatures? Has it addressed itself to your vanity, your selfishness, or any other of your evil propensities? Has it defiled your imagination with what is loathsome, or shocked the heart with what is monstrous? Has it disturbed the sense of right and wrong which the Creator has implanted in the human soul? If so—if you are conscious of all or any of its effects—or if, having escaped from all, you have felt that such were the effects it was intended to produce, throw the book into the fire, whatever name it may bear in the title-page. Throw it into the fire, young man, though it may be the gift of a friend; young lady, away with the whole set, though it should be the prominent furniture of a rosewood book-case.—*Southey.*

LIFE'S AUTUMN.—Like the leaf, life has its fading. We speak and think of it with sadness, just as we think of the Autumn season. But there should be no sadness at the fading of life that has done well its work. If we rejoice at the advent of a new life; if we welcome the coming of a new pilgrim to the uncertainties of this world's way, why should there be so much gloom when all these uncertainties are passed, and life at its waning wears the glory of a completed task! Beautiful as is childhood in its freshness and innocence, its beauty is that of untried life. It is beauty of promise, of Spring, of the bud. A holier and rarer beauty is the beauty which the waning life of faith and duty wears. It is the beauty of a thing completed; and as men come together to congratulate each other when some great work has been achieved, can see in its concluding nothing but gladness, so ought we to feel when the setting sun flings back its beams upon a life that has answered well life's purpose. When the bud drops blighted, and the mildew blasts the early grain, and there goes all hope of the harvest, one may well be sad; but when the ripened year sinks amid its garniture of Autumn flowers and leaves, why should we regret or

murmur? And so a life that is ready and waiting for the "well done" of God, whose latest virtues and charities are its noblest, should be given to him.

OLD LETTERS.—Is there any thing sadder than the files of old family letters, where one seems to spell backward one's own future? The frail fabric of paper is still firm, while the strong hand that poured out upon it the heart's throbs of love, of hate, of hope, or of despair, is moldering in the grave. Letters filled with anxieties, blessed perhaps in their realization; or hopes, defeated in their very accomplishment; soiled with professions of everlasting affection that exhaled with a few mornings' dews; and others, stamped with sincere love, that seems, as the time-stained sheet trembles in the hand, to breathe from heaven upon it; letters with announcements of births, to be received with a family all hail! and with the fond records of opening childhood—and then—the black-lined sheet, and the hastily broken seal, and the story of sickness and death; letters with gay disclosures of betrothals, of illimitable hopes and sweet reliances, and a little further down in the file conjugal dissatisfactions, bickerings, and disappointments; and perchance the history, from year to year, of a happy married love, tried and made stronger by trial, cemented by every joy, brightened all along its course with cheerfulness and patience, and home loves and charities; but even in this there is solemnity, for it is past. The sheaves are gathered into the garner, and on earth is nothing left but the seared stubble-field!—*Miss Sedgewick.*

DEATH A LIFTING UP.—I love to think that what seems to be the mystery of the silence of death, which envelops so many that we loved on earth, is not really a mystery. Our friends are separated from us because they are lifted higher than our faculties can go. Our child dies. It is the last that we can see of him here. He is lifted so far above us that we can not follow him. He was our child; he was cradled in our arms; he clambered upon our knees. But instantly, in the twinkling of an eye, God took him, and lifted him up into his own sphere. And we see him not. But it is because we are not yet developed enough. We can not see things spiritual with carnal eyes. But they who have walked with us here, who have gone beyond us, and whom we can not see, are still ours. They are more ours than they ever were before. We can not commune with them as we once could, because they are infinitely lifted above those conditions in which we are able to commune. We remain here, and are subject to the laws of this realm. They have gone where they speak a higher language and live in a higher sphere. But this silence is not the silence of vacuity, and this mystery is not the mystery of darkness and death. Theirs is the glory; ours is the waiting for it. Theirs is the realization; ours is the hoping for it. Theirs is the perfection; ours is the immaturity striving to be ripe. And when the day comes that we shall disappear from these earthly scenes, we shall be joined to them again; not as we were—for

we shall not then be as we were—but as they are, with God. We shall be like them and him.—*Beecher.*

SHAMS.—This is an age of extravagance. As a necessary sequence, it is also an age of shams. It is an age of jute, velveteen, and cheap jewelry. If a lady can afford to pay fifty or one hundred dollars for false hair, and can wear her velvet, point-lace, and diamonds, it is certainly nobody's business, and, for one, we do not object. And if a lady can not afford these, and puts on an immense chignon of jute, wears cotton velvet, imitation lace, and oroid jewelry, it may also be nobody's business, but she must not be surprised or offended if she is called vulgar. For shams are always vulgar, while an unpretending simplicity is always refined and lady-like. The most inexpensive dress, about in accordance with the wearer's means and position, neatly made, carefully put on, and pretending to be nothing more than it really is, may be worn by any one without giving offense to the most fastidious taste.

CHRISTIANITY ITS OWN PROOF.—Is Christianity an inspired faith or not? Shakspeare and Plato tower above the intellectual level of their times, like the peaks of Teneriffe and Mont Blanc. We look at them, and it seems impossible to measure the interval that separates them from the intellectual development around them. But if this Jewish boy, in that era of the world, in Palestine, with the Ganges on one side of him, and the Olympus of Athens on the other, ever produced a religion with these four elements, he towers so far above Shakspeare and Plato that the difference between Shakspeare and Plato and their times, in the comparison, becomes an imperceptible wrinkle on the face of the earth.

I have endeavored to measure its strength, to estimate its permanence, to analyze its elements; and if it ever came from the unassisted brain of one uneducated Jew, while Shakspeare is admirable, and Plato is admirable, this Jewish boy takes a higher level; he is marvelous, wonderful; he is in himself a miracle; the miracles he wrought are nothing to the miracle he was, if at that era and that condition of the world he invented Christianity. Whately says, "To disbelieve, is to believe." I can not be so credulous as to believe that any mere man invented Christianity. Until you show me some loving heart that has felt more profoundly, some strong brain, that, even with the aid of his example, has thought further and added something important to religion, I must still use my common sense and say, *No man did all this.* I know Buddha's protest, and what he is said to have tried to do. To all that my answer is, *India past and present.* In testing ideas and elemental forces, if you give them centuries to work in, *success* is the only criterion. "By their fruits" is an inspired rule, not yet half understood and appreciated.—*Wendell Phillips.*

"It is better to endure all the frowns and anger of the greatest on earth, than to have an angry conscience within our breast. O, let the bird in the breast be always kept singing, whatsoever I suffer for it."

Contemporary Literature.

COMMENTARY ON THE NEW TESTAMENT. *Intended for Popular Use.* By D. D. Whedon, LL. D. Volume III. Acts—Romans. 12mo. Pp. 402. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden. New York: Carlton & Lanahan.

We have had occasion to speak in terms of high commendation of this Commentary, and our readers need no recommendation of it from us; they are simply waiting for each successive volume to appear in order to secure it. We seldom get hold of a book of "Notes on the Scriptures" that we feel like sitting down to read carefully through; yet such has been our desire with these successive volumes. Our only fault with them is their brevity; we are all the time realizing how much greater things the author would do, if he had larger room and wider scope. But, then, that would defeat the real aim of this Commentary, that of furnishing to the people a brief, compact, clear exposition of the text of the New Testament, containing all the fruits of modern learning without exhibiting the learned machinery. No man could do this work better than Dr. Whedon; but few can approximate him in condensing power. Yet we can, not help feeling that we would like to have a good deal more of Dr. Whedon on such a book as the Epistle to the Romans, and especially so, since a full and comprehensive exposition of this Epistle from the Arminian and primitive stand-point is so much needed, to face the many ponderous volumes which, within the past few years, have been published from the Augustinian or Calvinistic platform. And yet this terse, clear, and brief handling of the difficulties of this Epistle may accomplish, after all, a broader and better purpose than would be reached by a ponderous volume. Two more volumes of similar style and size, we are informed, will complete the work.

THE MISSION OF THE SPIRIT; *or, the Office and Work of the Comforter in Human Redemption.* By Rev. L. R. Dunn. 16mo. Pp. 303. New York: Carlton & Lanahan. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden.

Mr. Dunn has done good service to the Church in producing this little volume; its themes are of immense importance, and the author has handled them well. His style is fluent and readable; there is not a dry or dull page in the book; perhaps some scholarly minds will wish it were more elaborate, and more minute and definite in its treatment of some of the themes. But the author writes from the heart as well as from the head, and for the people rather than for theologians. The true theology of the Holy Spirit in his office and work is here, but it is here clothed in a living experience, rather than in technical definitions. This is what we want just now, and we trust the little volume will find, as it

deserves both in itself and in its themes, many readers. Every Christian who will read it will find himself enlightened, strengthened, and directed in the way of life. The author is already well known through the editorship of "Rutherford's Letters," and several valuable contributions to our Church periodicals.

THE DOMESTIC LIFE OF THOMAS JEFFERSON. By Sarah N. Randolph. 8vo. Pp. 432. \$2.50. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

This volume is compiled chiefly from family letters and reminiscences. Mrs. Randolph is a great-granddaughter of the great statesman, and gathers these memories *con amore*. She does not write of Jefferson either as of the great man or as of the statesman. It is Jefferson in his private life that is portrayed here, and we confess ourselves better pleased with the picture than with Jefferson in the strifes of politics. We agree with the writer that in his private and domestic life he was a beautiful character. The volume is made up almost entirely of selections from Mr. Jefferson's correspondence with his family, and they are faithful witnesses of the warmth of his affections, and the elevation of his character in all these domestic relations. There was a place for this book, and it will do much to redeem the reputation of Mr. Jefferson from many false estimates of him arising from the unjust aspersions cast upon him in the heats and strifes of political life. It also presents his religious relations in a much better light than the public has been accustomed to think of them. Jefferson was not an infidel in the broad sense of the word; an intimate friend says that in all his intercourse with him he never heard an observation that savored in the slightest degree of impiety. His religious belief harmonized more closely with that of the Unitarians than of any other denomination, but it was liberal and untrammelled by sectarian feelings and prejudices. The great man had a tender human heart. After his death there were found in a drawer in his room, among other souvenirs, some little packages containing locks of the hair of his deceased wife and children. They are labeled in his own handwriting. One, marked 'A lock of our first Lucy's hair, with some of my dear, dear wife's writing,' contained a few strands of soft, silk-like hair. Another, marked simply "Lucy," contains a beautiful golden curl.

FRAGMENTS OF SCIENCE FOR UNSCIENTIFIC PEOPLE: *A Series of Detached Essays, Lectures, and Reviews.* By John Tyndall, LL. D., F. R. S., etc. 12mo. Pp. 422. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

Professor Tyndall is one of the leaders of modern science, so well known in this country that the im-

pulse which induced him to gather and publish these "Fragments" came from the United States. Most of them have already been issued in British journals and re-issued in this country. Tyndall is a thorough scientist; he knows nothing but material things; he deals only in scientific demonstration and theorization; his God is Nature, and the supreme power in the universe are the forces of nature. Of course he does not wish to be recognized as an atheist, but from his free and easy handling of the Bible and theology, and the very poorly concealed contempt which is apparent in his writings for Christian learning and for the faith of Christian people, we infer that he is quite willing to be recognized as an unbeliever in Christianity. Tyndall belongs to that class of men who, in their pride of intellect and of science, and in the bold confidence with which they hold all scientific knowledge, condemn all other kinds of knowledge, and smile with a sort of patronizing contempt upon all matters of mere faith. Quite free himself to step out of his own department to strike blows against the faith of Christians, he yet thinks it the very height of ignorant impertinence for a Christian scholar to criticise any scientific fact or theory. He has special contempt for Christian ministers whenever they venture to question any scientific positions, and on several occasions has read them sharp rebukes, remanding them back "to their old theologies, traditions, and faiths." And yet this man of material things feels quite free to discuss such matters as prayer, miracles, special providences, etc. All this, however, only pertains to Professor Tyndall in his relation to moral and religious things. As a scientist and writer on scientific things he is a master, and deservedly holds a high place of honor in both Europe and America. His contributions to scientific progress have been many and most important. He leads the beliefs and aspirations of the increasingly powerful body of the younger men of science. He is yet in the fresh vigor of manhood himself, and if his life be spared he will wield a still wider influence in the time to come. The "Fragments" are popular in their subjects and mode of treatment. They embrace a wide range of topics, and every-where he treads on ground with which he seems thoroughly familiar, except in his essays "On Prayer and Natural Law," and "On Miracles and Special Providences," where, to say the least, he is quite as much out of his element as he thinks the Christian scholar to be when he ventures to treat of matters of science. He is an elegant writer, and his style is characterized by purity and power of expression. His book will be read both by his friends and those who are hostile to many of his views.

REMINISCENCES OF FIFTY YEARS. *By Mark Boyd.* 12mo. Pp. 390. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

This is quite an entertaining book of anecdotes and incidents in the lives of many prominent Englishmen and Scotchmen. They are not merely recollections of the author himself, but also gatherings from others, especially from his father, whose

memory reached back to the days of William IV, and whose personal acquaintance embraced many public men from that date up to 1844. The author himself has been fifty years a resident of London, in familiar intercourse with leading men, and is well endowed with the gift of story telling.

HESPERIA. *By Cora L. V. Tappan.* 12mo. Pp. 235. Published by the Author.

A poem extending through two hundred and thirty-five pages ought to be of the highest poetic merit, and must be to secure a reading. The poetry of this volume can hardly claim this high character; nor is the deficiency of poetic interest made up by the interest of the theme. It is an allegorical presentation of American history, especially in the relations of the Government to slavery, its dallying with the evil through so many years, and its consequent triumph over it by the late war. The conception is a good one, but the history itself is so fresh and familiar that it is only obscured by any metaphorical representation. There are some good passages in the volume, but many also poor, weak, and faulty.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS. *By the Rev. John Keble, M. A., Vicar of Hursley.* 12mo. Pp. 309. New York: Pott & Amery. Cincinnati: George E. Stevens & Co.

The present century has not produced a more deeply devotional cast of mind than was that of the late John Keble, and nature gifted him with most excellent powers with which to throw the thoughts and feelings of that devotion into poetic forms and expression. Those who have become acquainted with him through the precious treasure of the "Christian Year," will gladly welcome this miscellaneous collection of odes and poems from his hand. They will not add to the fame of the author, but are fully equal to it. Their dates of origin extend from his boyhood to old age, and of course they vary in beauty, force, and expression. Still they are all embodiments of the soul of John Keble; always it is the holy man breathing the incense of his holiness up to God, or out upon others in measures of peculiar sweetness and tenderness.

THE LORD'S PRAYER. *By Henry F. Van Dyke, D. D., Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.* 12mo. Pp. 194. New York: Robert Carter & Bros. Cincinnati: George E. Stevens & Co.

A very excellent exposition of the Lord's Prayer, containing nothing strikingly new, but saying old things in a neat and beautiful style.

VISIONS OF THE VALE; or, Divine Government Among Men. *By Rev. B. F. Price.* 16mo. Pp. 304. New York: Carlton & Lanahan, for the Author. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden.

Mr. Price is a member of the Wilmington Conference. His volume is one of essays distinct in themselves, yet having a bond of union in the one general theme—the Divine government. Such themes as "God," "Man," "Redemption," "The Holy

Scriptures," "Providence," "The Millennium," etc., make up the body of the book. The author has done much deep and good thinking on the subjects embraced in his volume, and the perusal of them will enrich the reader.

A FOURTEEN-WEEKS' COURSE IN POPULAR GEOLOGY. By J. Dorman Steele, A. M., Ph. D. *Principal of Elmira Free Academy. 12mo. Pp. 280. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co.

The author has a very happy faculty for making text-books for the elementary study of the natural sciences. His books, bearing the general title of fourteen weeks' courses, just adapted to a good seminary or collegiate term, have met with great success. This volume will, we are sure, promptly take its place beside the others.

MOTHERLESS; or, A Parisian Family. From the French of Madame Guizot de Witt. By the Author of "John Halifax," etc. 12mo. Pp. 253. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

This is one of the most recent issues of the uniform edition of the works of this popular author and translator. It is a book "for girls in their teens."

BIBLE SKETCHES, Third Series, illustrating the Life of Christ on Earth. Illustrated. 16mo. Pp. 286. Cloth. \$1. New York: Hurd & Houghton. Cincinnati: Geo. E. Stevens & Co.

The two previous volumes were on the Old Testament. This is independent of them, and gives, in a familiar style for young people, the leading incidents in Christ's life, illustrating them from Eastern customs, and talking about them in the conversational way of one sitting down with a class of youngsters.

Both of these books bear the marks of the careful handling of the Riverside Press, which regards every book worth doing at all as worth doing well. It has given its style to these simple books, and probably will do so even more hereafter, educating the eye as well as the heart of children. The June number of

"The Child at Home," from the same source, is a unique specimen of color printing. It is the only paper thus printed in this country, and its bright hues and graceful design of birds and flowers will make children stretch out their hands for it.

SIX BOYS: A Mother's Story, as told in Extracts from her Journal. With Illustrations. 12mo. Pp. 339. Cloth. \$1.25. New York: Hurd & Houghton. Cincinnati: Geo. E. Stevens & Co.

This is a story the scene of which is laid in New York and neighborhood, just after the close of the Revolutionary War. A widowed mother is left with six boys on her hands, and her journal gives the growth and change in the lads. Their characters are diverse, and they by no means all shoot up together like so many mullen stalks, but there are some crooked sticks among them. A good deal of pains has been taken to give the coloring of the time in manners and customs.

ALONE IN THE WORLD. By Emma Leslie. 16mo. Pp. 267. Boston: Henry Hoyt. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden.

DIGGING A GRAVE WITH A WINE-GLASS. 16mo. Pp. 112, and **THE FIRST GLASS OF WINE.** Pp. 124. Boston: Henry Hoyt. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden.

These are two very excellent books for young people. The second contains two temperance stories, one by Mrs. S. C. Hall, and the other by Clarence Mortimer.

DORA'S MOTTO. By Joanna H. Matthews, Author of the "Bessie Books," etc. 16mo. Pp. 237.

THE BABE AT THE WEDDING, and other Narratives. By Rev. P. B. Power, M. A. 18mo. Pp. 252.

THE BAG OF BLESSINGS; or, The Singing Tailor. By the Same Author. 18mo. Pp. 252. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers. Cincinnati: Geo. Crosby.

Excellent little books for the family and the Sunday-school. Both authors are well known in the department of young people's literature.

Editor's Table.

WORKS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.—The hundredth anniversary of the birthday of the great novelist and poet has just been celebrated widely throughout the civilized world, and has turned fresh attention to his labors and works. Scott was both a poet and novelist; his fame, however, rests rather on those wonderful historical romances in prose which took the reading world by storm more than half a century ago, and which have held their place at the head of this kind of literature to the present day. As a poet he soon waned before the brilliant star of Byron,

whose genius he at once appreciated, and before whom he retired into the field of prose. Scott holds his place as the creator of the historical novel, and as such did the world good service, displacing, on the one hand, the vigorous but coarse novels of Fielding and Smollett, and on the other, the mawkish, sentimental, and supernatural stories of such writers as Lewis, Mrs. Radcliffe, etc. Scott based all his stories on historical incidents, and they are interesting not only as entertaining narratives, but as faithful pictures of the history of the times in which

their plots were laid. They have laid the foundation of a love for history in young persons who had never before attempted any thing so serious. The development of taste in this direction induced a valuable modification of historical composition itself. Writers of history no longer confine themselves to a mere detail of facts, or to the schemes of diplomacy, or the strategy of wars. History must give us the living people, and portray for us the times, recognizing other living interests than merely those of kings, and leaders, and conquerors. History and historical biography in this broader sense can scarcely be said to have had a place in English literature before the time of Scott. Besides rendering high service to English literature in many respects, Scott has well deserved the centennial honors which have just been paid to him for his noble character as a man. He was always a generous, genial, and hospitable man, keenly alive to all that is good and beautiful wherever they were to be found. Beloved and admired by his contemporaries, he will be held for many years to come in the pleasant memory of posterity, and will be still read with lively interest and satisfaction.

He was a most laborious and voluminous writer. Our readers will be pleased with the following summing up of his numerous works:

I. THE WAVERLY NOVELS.

Waverly.....	July 7	1814
Guy Mannering.....	Feb. 24	1815
The Antiquary.....	May —	1816
Old Mortality.....	Dec. 1	1816
The Black Dwarf.....	Dec. —	1816
Rob Roy.....	Dec. 31	1817
The Heart of Mid-Lothian.....	June —	1818
A Legend of Montrose.....	June 10	1819
The Bride of Lammermoor.....	June 10	1819
Ivanhoe.....	Dec. 18	1819
The Monastery.....	M'ch. —	1820
The Abbot.....	Sept. —	1820
Kenilworth.....	Jan. —	1821
The Pirate.....	Dec. —	1821
The Fortunes of Nigel.....	May 30	1822
Peveril of the Peak.....	Jan. —	1823
Quentin Durward.....	June 20	1823
St. Ronan's Well.....	Dec. —	1823
Red Gauntlet.....	June —	1824
The Betrothed.....	June —	1825
The Talisman.....	June —	1825
Woodstock.....	June —	1826
The Chronicles of Canongate.....	Nov. —	1827-28
The Fair Maid of Perth.....	—	1828
Anne of Geierstein.....	May —	1829
Count Robert of Paris.....	Nov. —	1831
Castle Dangerous.....	Nov. —	1831

The Chronicles of Canongate consist of six small stories, entitled as follows: The Highland Widow, The Two Drovers, The Surgeon's Daughter, My Aunt Margaret's Mirror, The Tapestry Chamber, and The Laird's Jock.

Scott was sixty years old when he wrote *Castle Dangerous*, the last of the Waverly novels, and, in less than a year from the time of its publication, the Minstrel was laid in his grave.

2. STORIES IN POEMS.

The Lay of the Last Minstrel.....	Jan., 1805
Ballads and Lyrical Pieces.....	1806
Marmion.....	Feb. 23, 1808
The Lady of the Lake.....	May, 1810
The Vision of Don Roderick.....	1811
Rokeby.....	1812
The Bridal of Triermain.....	1813
The Lord of the Isles.....	1815
The Field of Waterloo.....	1815
Harold the Dauntless.....	1817

3. MISCELLANEOUS WORKS.

Reviews on the following subjects: Southey's *Amadis de Gaul*; Sibbald's *Chronicles of Scottish Poetry*; Godwin's *Life of Chaucer*; Ellis's *Ancient English Poetry*; The *Life and Works of Chatterton*; Todd's *Edition of Spenser*; Godwin's *Fleetwood*; Report concerning *Ossian*; Johnes's *Translation of Froissart*; Col. Thornton's *Sporting Tour*; Works on *Cookery*; Herbert's *Poems and Translations*; Selections of *Metrical Romances*; The *Miseries of Human Life*; Cromek's *Reliques of Burns*; Southey's *Chronicle of the Cid*; Sir John Carr's *Tour in Scotland*; Kirkton's *Church History*; Mrs. Shelley's *Frankenstein*; Gourgand's *Narrative*; Maturin's *Women*; The *Fourth Canto of Childe Harold*; Pepy's *Diary*; The *Life of J. P. Kemble*, and Kelly's *Reminiscences*; Galt's *Omen*; Mackenzie's *Life and Works of John Home*; Hoffman's *Novels*; Haffi Baba in *England*; Sir Humphrey Davy's *Salmonia*; Pitcairn's *Ancient Criminal Trials*, and Southey's *Life of John Bunyan*.

Essays on the following subjects: *Scottish Judicature*; *Chivalry*; *The Drama*; *Romance*; *Planting of Waste Lands*; *Ornamental Gardening*; *Molière*, and *Ballad Poetry*.

Editions: *Dryden's Works*, with *Life and Notes*; *Swift's Works*, with *Life and Notes*; Sir Henry Slingsby's and Captain Hodgson's *Memoirs*, with *Introduction and Notes*; Strutt's *Romance of Queen-hoo Hall*, with an original conclusion; *Memoirs of Captain George Carleton*, with *Preface and Notes*; *Memoirs of Sir Robert Cary*, Earl of Monmouth, with the same; *State Papers and Letters of Sir Ralph Sadlier*, with *Life and Notes*; Lord Somers's *Collection of Tracts*; *The Life and Poetical Works of Miss Seward*; *Ballads*, etc., forming his *English Minstrelsy*, and including several of his own minor poems; *Wilson's Secret History of the Court of King James I*, with *Preface and Notes*; *Memoir of the Somervilles*; *Roland's The Letting of Humorous Blood in the Head Vaine*; *Memorials of the Haliburtons*; *Patrick Carey's Trivial Poems and Triolets*; *Franck's Northern Memoirs*; *The Contemplative Angler*; *Chronological Notes on Scottish Affairs*, from 1680 to 1701, from the *Diary of Lord Fountainhall*; *Gwynne's Memoirs of Madame La-rochejaquelin*, with *Introduction and Notes*.

Biographies, histories, and articles, of which this is a list: *Life of Napoleon Bonaparte*; *Memoir of George Bannatyne*; *History of Scotland*; *Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft*; *Tribute to the Memory of Lord Byron*; *Letters of Malachi Malaprowther*; *Reply to General Gourgand*; *Account of Eyrbiggia Saga*; *Imitations—The Inferno of Allisidora*; *The Poacher*, *The Resolve*, etc.; *The Bard's Incantation*; *Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolk*.

To this summary might be added a large list of historical and other contributions to periodical literature, dramas, collections, and letters.

A NEW THEORY.—The British Science Association has given its annual speech again to the world, this time through Sir William Thomson, the new

President, and successor to Professor Huxley. It is necessary, it seems, for a new president of this Association to say some wise and striking things in his inaugural. Sir William took for his theme the subject of life, on which he said many true things.

Passing to the subject of spontaneous generation, Sir William said that "careful scrutiny has, in every case up to the present day, discovered life as antecedent to life. Dead matter can not become living without coming under the influence of matter previously alive. This seems to me as sure a teaching of science as the law of gravitation. I utterly repudiate, as opposed to all philosophical uniformitarianism, the assumption of 'different meteorological conditions'—that is to say, somewhat different vicissitudes of temperature, pressure, moisture, gaseous atmosphere—to produce or to permit that to take place, by force or motion of dead matter alone, which is a direct contravention of what seems to us biological law. I am prepared for the answer, 'our code of biological law is an expression of our ignorance as well as of our knowledge.' And I say yes; search for spontaneous generation out of inorganic materials; let any one not satisfied with the purely negative testimony of which we have now so much against it, throw himself into the inquiry. Such investigations as those of Pasteur, Pouchet, and Bastian are among the most interesting and momentous in the whole range of natural history, and their results, whether positive or negative, must richly reward the most careful and laborious experimenting. I confess to being deeply impressed by the evidence put before us by Professor Huxley, and I am ready to adopt, as an article of scientific faith, that life proceeds from life, and from nothing but life."

Then comes the most serious question, how did life originate on the earth? Of course it will not do for science directly to recognize the immediate intervention of the divine, creative power, and Sir William meets the difficulty strangely enough by introducing life into this world from some other world. But how science gains any thing by this circuitous route we can not see, for the question still recurs, how, then, did life originate in the other worlds? Sir William's theory is as follows:

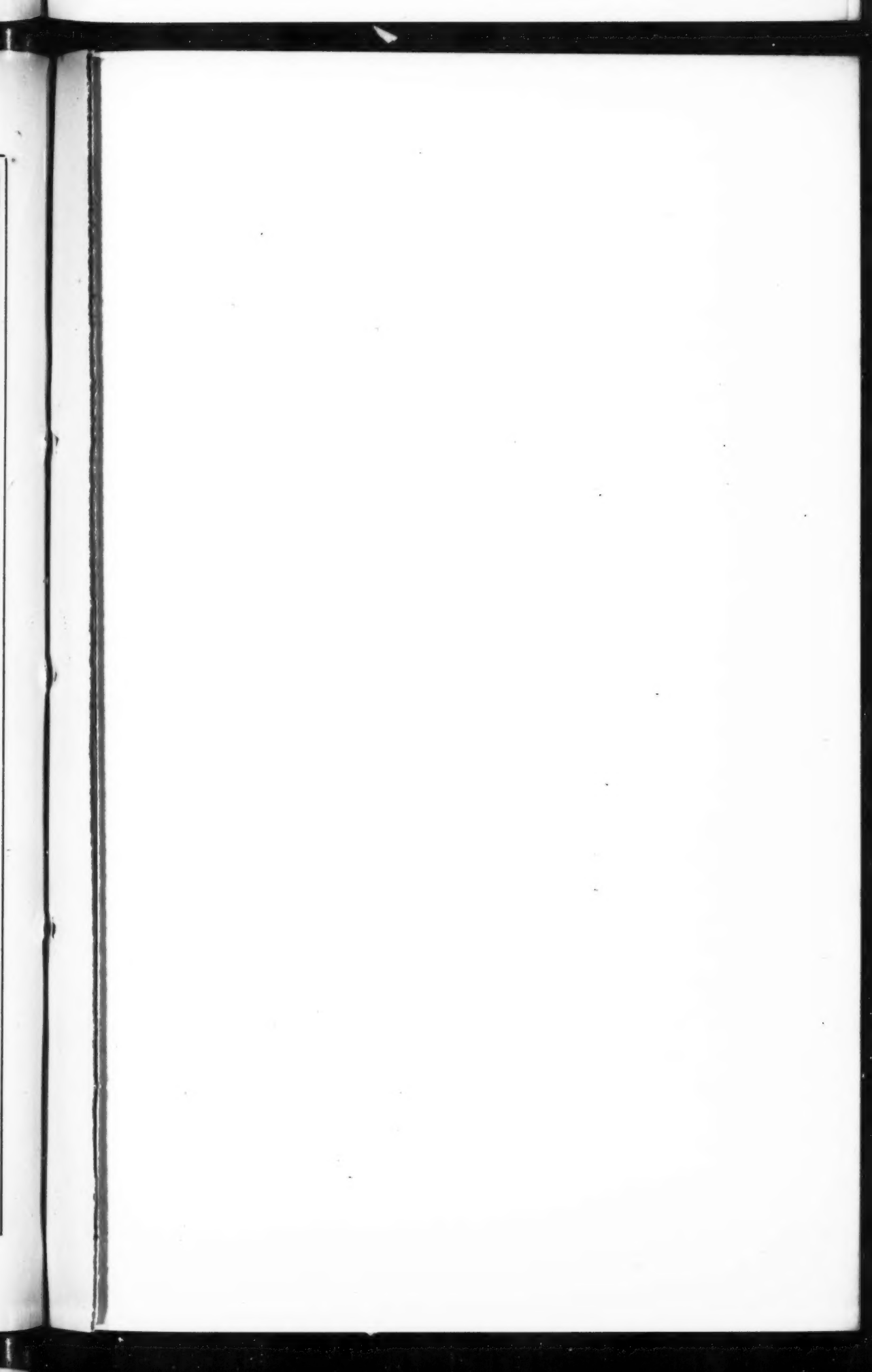
"Tracing the physical history of the earth backward, on strict dynamical principles, we are brought to a red-hot melted globe on which no life could exist. Hence, when the earth was first fit for life there was no living thing on it. There were rocks solid and disintegrated, water, air all around, warmed and illuminated by a brilliant sun, ready to become a garden. Did grass, and trees, and flowers spring into existence, in all the fullness of ripe beauty, by a fiat of creative power, or did vegetation, growing up from seed sown, spread and multiply over the whole earth? Science is bound, by the everlasting law of honor, to face fearlessly every problem which can fairly be presented to it. If a probable solution, consistent with the ordinary course of nature, can be found, we must not invoke an abnormal act of creative power. When a lava stream flows down the sides of Vesuvius or Etna it quickly cools and be-

comes solid; and after a few weeks or years it teems with vegetable and animal life originated by the transport of seed and ova, and by the migration of individual living creatures. When a volcanic island springs up from the sea, and after a few years is found clothed with vegetation, we do not hesitate to assume that seed has been wafted to it through the air, or floated to it on rafts.

"Is it not possible, and if possible is it not probable, that the beginning of vegetable life upon the earth is to be similarly explained? Every year thousands, probably millions, of fragments of solid matter fall upon the earth. Whence come these fragments? What is the previous history of any one of them? Was it created in the beginning of time an amorphous mass? This idea is so unacceptable that, tacitly or explicitly, all men discard it. It is often assumed that all, and it is certain that some, meteoric stones are fragments which had been broken off from greater masses and launched free into space. It is as sure that collisions must occur between great masses moving through space as it is that ships, steered without intelligence directed to prevent collision, could not cross and recross the Atlantic for thousands of years with immunity from collisions. When two great masses come into collision in space it is certain that a large part of each is melted; but it seems also quite certain that in many cases a large quantity of debris must be shot forth in all directions, much of which may have experienced no greater violence than individual pieces of rock experience in a land-slip or in blasting by gunpowder.

"Should the time when this earth comes into collision with another body, comparable in dimensions to itself, be when it is still clothed as at present with vegetation, many great and small fragments carrying seed, and living plants, and animals, would undoubtedly be scattered through space. Hence, and because we all confidently believe that there are at present, and have been from time immemorial, many worlds of life besides our own, we must regard it as probable in the highest degree that there are countless seed-bearing meteoric stones moving about through space. If, at the present instant, no life existed upon this earth, one such stone falling upon it might, by what we blindly call natural causes, lead to its becoming covered with vegetation. The hypothesis that life originated on this earth through moss-grown fragments from the ruins of another world may seem wild and visionary; all I maintain is, that it is not unscientific."

The following is well said, and we trust indicates a better tendency in purely scientific minds: "I feel profoundly convinced that the argument of design has been greatly too much lost sight of in recent zoölogical speculations. Overpoweringly strong proofs of intelligent and benevolent design lie all around us, and if ever perplexities, whether metaphysical or scientific, turn us away from them for a time, they come back upon us with irresistible force, showing to us through nature the influence of a free will, and teaching us that all living beings depend on one everlasting Creator and Ruler."





VIEW OF THE TOWN OF
DUNDEE FROM THE TOWN OF
DUNDEE

THE TOWN OF DUNDEE



MRS. P. C. GARDNER

1851